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for the Canadian Woman



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HOW YOU CAN BE YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE

The difference between love and passion by Dr. Hilliard

THIS SPRING—THE SACK AND HOW TO WEAR IT



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Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearedl . . .

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Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman

FEBRUARY 1958 VOL. 30 NO. 2

Where there's a Collett — there's always a cookbook

When our cover shot for the winners in CHATELAINE'S Fifty Favorite Family Recipes contest was all set up, we realized something was missing. "What we need is a cookbook," suggested the photographer. "I have just the one," said Elaine Collett, "my mother's cookbook."



She produced the looseleaf book you see on our cover, with recipes pasted and scribbled in and it's just as personal and precious as hundreds like it on kitchen shelves all over Canada. Mrs. Collett enjoyed cooking so much that steaming up fifty puddings for Christmas hampers for the church was a pleasure. Elaine remembers the time the Collett kitchen became a doughnut factory to turn out one hundred and fifty dozen doughnuts to help finance a Boy Scout summer camp. For this, Mrs. Collett was made a life member in the Boy Scouts.

If you've been watching television lately you might have seen some of us at work. To show how a magazine fashion story is photographed and put together, the CBC shot us shooting our story on The Sack, page 20, for the program Here and There.

The girl with the truck is our new copy editor, Joan Howard, when she was a British Red Cross driver in the war. Her most interesting assignment was chauffeuring General Eisenhower when his regular driver was sick. In between her stint at shifting gears, and shifting commas around on the CHATELAINE copy desk, Joan worked in an art gallery and on a medical and, later, a horticultural magazine. A Canadian resident of only three months, she's still exclaiming over our brightly colored houses and cars and the youth and vitality of our grandmothers. (For more advice on aging slowly and secretly, see page 9.)



• News about our contributors . . . Dr. Marion Hilliard's book, *A Woman Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, is going into its third printing (see this month's story page 4). Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson has just revised the fifth edition of *The Normal Child* which she wrote with Dr. Alan Brown.

• News about us . . . In March look for an informative article on what you, as an individual, can do about traffic accidents. In the same issue, Kate Aitken's life story.

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ARTICLES

How Do I Know That I Love Him?	Dr. Marion Hilliard	4
How You Can Be Younger Than You Are	Evelyn Hamilton	9
You Can Buy A New Face	Jeannine Locke	12
They Told Me My Child Was Retarded	Ruth McConnell	13

FICTION

A Second Baby is Different	Lois Duncan	14
The Courting of Mary Bellue	Frank Farnham	16

FEBRUARY RECIPE ROUNDUP

Fifty Favorite Family Recipes	61
Selected and Tested by Chatelaine Institute	

REGULAR FEATURES

Letters to Chatelaine	2	
Chatelaine's Club News	Pat Parkinson	3
Teen Tempo	Susan Cooper	22
Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval	36	

HOUSEKEEPING

Chatelaine Meals of the Month	Elaine Collett	24
Chatelaine Institute Helps You Clean House		26

HOME PLANNING

How To Make Your House Worth More Money	Doris Thistlewood	18
--	-------------------	----

FASHION AND BEAUTY

Everyone's Asking About The Sack	Vivian Wilcox	20
Chatelaine's Invitation to Beauty	Vivian Wilcox	45
Easy-fitting Suit for Spring	(pattern)	46

CHATELAINE NEEDLECRAFT

Scarf for an Easter Gift	29
Percale Pillowcases to Stamp	32
The Feast Begins With a Cloth	34
Canadian Rockies Scene	43

FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS

Do These Exercises With Your Baby ..	Elizabeth Chant Robertson, MD	57
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The Flair of French Cuisine French Cherry Pie

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For many more delightful, money-saving ways to use Evaporated Milk, write now for Marie Fraser's New Evaporated Milk Recipe Book. It's free.



Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 3 tbsps. corn starch, 2 tbsps. gelatine; stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups evaporated milk. Bring to boil, stirring constantly.

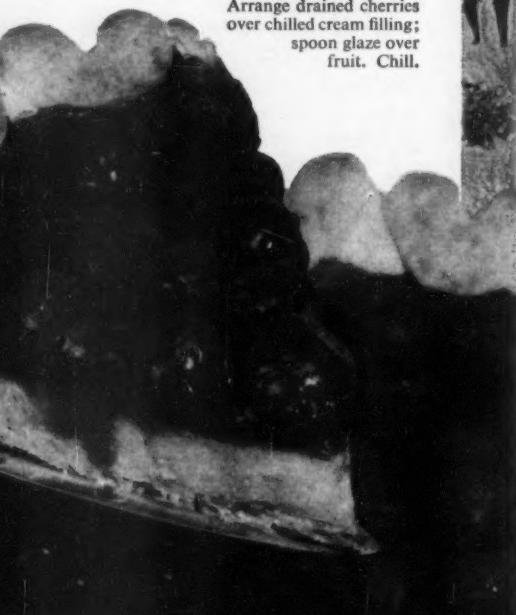
Cook in double boiler, stirring often, 6 mins. Stir into 1 slightly-beaten egg; cook in double boiler, stirring 1 min. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. almond extract. Cool. Turn into baked 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pie shell. Chill.



Combine 1 tsp. corn starch, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup syrup drained from a 15 oz. can red cherries. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. red food coloring. Cool slightly.



Arrange drained cherries over chilled cream filling; spoon glaze over fruit. Chill.



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LETTERS TO CHATELAINE

Do our schools make us group addicts?



Your article, Are You a Group Addict? (December), came across my desk and I was so impressed and stimulated by it that I must thank you. You have said well what needs to be said over and over again.

R. S. Hosking, General Secretary,
The National Council of YMCA
of Canada.

Group addiction as you call it could also be expressed as no individualism. Do you believe that this group addiction has been brought about by a shortsighted educational system — one which places so much importance on the student even in sacrifice of the teacher? Where does the idea come from that a child should not be punished, that he should be seen and heard at the same time?

Warden Pratt, North Vancouver.

Where was Toby?

Since you did an article on Canadian show business (November), how is it that Toby Robins was omitted? To me, she is the loveliest and most charming personality the CBC has acquired.

Mrs. Valerie Killeen, Lethbridge.

Thirty-two tingling ears

After seeing your Christmas family group, I feel compelled to write to tell you that seldom have I seen such a charming and attractive lot. As I read your various articles I kept returning to the picture for another look.

Mrs. Helen Hogarth, Haney, B.C.

Wanted—UN correspondents

If you are over twenty, male or female, and interested in corresponding with people of similar age and interests in other countries, please write to: Mrs. R. T. Tanner, Overseas Correspondence Department, United Nations Association in Canada, Box 178, Markham, Ontario.

Ont. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.

Mrs. R. T. Tanner, Markham, Ont.

No end to WI work

How Vital is the Women's Institute Today? by Pat Parkinson and Christena Farrell in November CHATELAINE is truly a wonderful story for Canadian women. I am sure thousands of WI members like myself enjoyed it immensely and are really gratified to have our women's institutes brought before your readers.

Mrs. Eileen Thurlow, Travers, Alta.

They keep homes going

I would like to express my appreciation of the very good article which appeared in CHATELAINE (December) on Homemaker Service (How These Women Mother Your City).

The article stated that a Homemaker arrives ten days before an expectant mother's departure for hospital. Unfortunately, in Toronto, due to the fact that our present staff is not sufficient, Homemakers cannot be placed with the family before the baby arrives.

Elizabeth DeWitt, Director,
Visiting Homemakers Association.

All of us at the Council are convinced that the work of Homemaker agencies is one of the most important parts of our health and welfare services. We stand ready to help any groups who wish to establish such a service and should welcome enquiries from your readers and other interested people.

R. E. G. Davis, Executive Director,
The Canadian Welfare Council, Ottawa.

Pink but not pretty

Couldn't you print your stories on white paper? That pink paper in November was just awful to read by electric light.

Mrs. Wm. Noble, Toronto.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Peter Croydon (cover, 4), John Sebert (1, 13, 22), Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate (11), Miller Services (11, 57), Gebbie and Co. (11), Panda (18, 19, 38), Ray Webber (18, 19), Paul Rockett (20, 21). ARTWORK—Bob Turnbull (3), Will Davies (14), James Hill (16), William Winter (22), Harold Town (36), Joan Harrison (45, 48), Ken Dallison (61).

CHATELAINE'S



Club News

FROM COAST TO COAST

CONDUCTED BY PAT PARKINSON

A \$100 REMINDER. Just a note to remind you of CHATELAINE'S Club Award — deadline March 1, 1958. In recognition of an outstanding achievement by a Canadian women's group during 1957, Chatelaine Magazine will present a Club Award together with a cheque for \$100. We are interested in contribution per member so that a small group has just as big a chance as a large one. Write us about your group now.



Winter Work. The thirty-one-member ALTRUSA CLUB OF TORONTO is one of four hundred and twenty-six branches of this selective professional and business-women's service club which encompasses eight countries in the world. Like the other clubs, the motto of the Toronto group is "Serve to Survive." In community projects they are affiliated with the Toronto branch of the National Council of Women, the

Elizabeth Fry Society of Toronto, the United Nations Association of Canada and the Canadian Cancer Society. Plans for the winter season also include furnishing a room in the new YWCA building and providing grants for New Canadian nurses to qualify for registration in Ontario; and, in the interests of traffic safety, Altrusa will present a miniature traffic-safety light to a suburban school to assist teachers in educating pupils in traffic safety.

Cots for Tots. Although only thirty members strong, the JOHN G. HOWARD CHAPTER, IODE held its giant annual dessert luncheon, bridge and bake sale to raise money for the Hospital for Convalescent Children in Toronto. Tickets were one dollar and proceeds went toward the upkeep of a cot, which, after fifteen continuous years of contributions, will be named after the chapter in perpetuity. This group is presently working to place the name plate of honor on cot number five.

Canadian Association of Consumers Reporting: Since the beginning of activities ten years ago, this organization has one objective in view — to bring goods of better quality and better prices to the consumer. The Quebec Provincial Branch in MONTREAL reports on the latest activities of the CAC for your information. Here are some of the things to watch for now and in the future: premium bacon marked Grade A lean, labels indicating new or sterilized wadding in quilted garments, elimination of wire staples in food packaging and a differentiation in milk price between cash and carry and home delivery. And if you're interested in good value in toys, write to the CAC, 157 MacLaren Street, Ottawa, for their TOY BUYING GUIDE, ten cents a copy.

IF YOUR ORGANIZATION is planning a new project or has discovered a new way to make an old project more successful, Chatelaine will be happy to tell our readers about it. Write to Pat Parkinson, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



How to be younger than your years

When you meet a grandfather like this who's still "young," vigorous and active . . . even though he's nearly 65 . . . you're likely to exclaim, "He certainly doesn't look his age!"

The truth is he's what he *should* be . . . and what most of us *could* be when retirement draws near. Better still, anyone who has reached this age in good health can usually look forward to many more useful and happy years.

You should start taking *extra* precautions for your physical and mental health before you get along in years. Then, you will have far better chances of making your later life rewarding. Why?

The answer is that diseases of later life seldom appear suddenly. They start gradually and may quietly develop for a number of years before they become evident or cause disability.

Even if your retirement may be years ahead, you should begin planning now for the time when you'll become a senior citizen. Here are some things you can do:

1. Keep your mind open to new ideas. If you always have something to do tomorrow . . . something you *want* to do . . . your mind will be alert and active.

Working with and for others—in community, church and fraternal organizations—can also be a deep and lasting source of satisfaction at any age.

2. Select your foods carefully. Your diet should provide all the elements for good health—proteins for body upkeep and repair, carbohydrates for energy and foods that supply protective vitamins and minerals.

3. Control your weight. Overweight makes your heart, kidneys, lungs, liver and arteries work harder all the time. Overweight also tends to increase your chances of developing diseases of these organs.

4. Try to keep your emotions on an even keel. It is unhealthy to keep emotional tensions "bottled up." Instead we should look for ways to work them out. Just talking over problems with a friend or advisor often helps to clear the air.

5. Plan for your financial security. It is not necessary to have a lot of money to enjoy later life. Nevertheless, your financial needs during retirement should be carefully planned long before you stop working. Advice from some competent person on personal financial matters will help you avoid "money worries" later on.



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"How do I know that I love him?" — the difference between Love and Passion



By DR. MARION HILLIARD

I HAD just given her my last hearty words of encouragement and farewell. "Don't ever lose your sense of humor—and relax." It had been fun—this chit-chat about getting married. But now the interview was over, and it was time for her to go. Suddenly she looked directly at me, and said in a quiet, hesitant voice, "How do I know that I love him?"

I was shocked for a moment at the depth of her questioning. She was a brilliant girl, in her middle thirties. I expect that in her profession she was known as a hard-bitten career woman who knew where she was going and exactly how to get there. But at that moment she was like a child in spite of her apparent sophistication.

I realized that the interview was far from over. "Well," I said, "this is a fine time to ask that question. Aren't you getting married tomorrow?"

"Yes," she said, "we've been talking about the 'making love' part of marriage, and I am quite sure that will be all right. But how do I know I love him? It's easy for a girl to find what she needs for her sex life—it may not be the right thing, it may be only half of life, but it can be found. How do you find love and how do you recognize it for certain?"

First, as I told my patient that day, I believe that you can't find love. Love finds you. You never know whether you will be loved in return. You can only know that you love. In these days when we are so anxious for security in every possible aspect of life, love can offer no security, no promise of so much return for so much expenditure, no bank bal-

ance that can be hoarded for a rainy day in the future. Love wants no contract or guarantee. Love must never be bargained for, but given without any "money-back" clauses attached.

In our times when we make such a production of so many unimportant matters, our main difficulty is to recognize such a simple, unsophisticated thing as love. In my patient's case, I could be reassuring. The sound of her voice when she said, "How do I know I love him?" was really answer enough. It was full of gentleness, wistfulness and a longing to know what he thought and what he felt. From a practical point of view, I was sure that she loved him because she was so content to give up the things she had worked for — her career, her independence, her own home, to follow him wherever he wanted to go without any assurance that there would be even as much success or money or prestige as she could earn for herself.

Love before marriage, of course, doesn't mean a happy life together is inevitable. I mentioned earlier the importance of keeping a sense of humor sharp and ready, and the importance of maintaining an atmosphere of relaxation. But you must also have time and rest so that the creative and imaginative facets of your mind—through which love lights up the daily routines of our lives — have a chance. No matter how hectic or complicated your daily existence may become you must provide areas of comparative peace and quiet so that you can experience each day a sense of living your lives

Continued on page 6



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the name KRAFT means wonderful salads

Love needs time to grow, peace, humor and an understanding heart

continued from page 4

together. There must be occasions created when you have time to feel together the spiritual forces which surround our lives.

In the minds of many people today, the word "love" is used so casually and frequently that its meaning is blurred. I have been very disturbed about many of the letters I have had from women all over Canada and the United States. The writers have obviously confused love with something quite different—passion.

"Why must I spend my life without a man?"

"Tell the married women to stay with their own men and give us single women a chance."

"It's very hard for a single woman to make her way because it's easier for a man to take out a married woman because it is so safe."

"There must be another woman in the life of a successful man."

"I am twenty-five, life is over for me. I have no desire."

After I read these remarks I am amazed at just how ignorant women can be. They are misinformed about the obvious needs of a woman—of any human being—the need for status, achievement and affection. We are born with desire, but satisfaction of passion in mating is not among our basic needs.

Why do we confuse love and passion?

Our difficulties in understanding come from the fact that the power to love and the power of desire are both present in the infant. As we grow up, no dividing line develops between physical desire and the time when this feeling becomes overlaid with spiritual warmth and understanding. On the converse side, there can be a sudden empathy of minds and a communication of spirit which shortly may overflow into a physical sense of nearness and closeness and a desire to express this spiritual communication into a communication of body. This feeling is natural to all men and women and can work in all directions. As there is no clear dividing line, we often become confused and mistake passion for love—or love for passion. But in all our behavior we have to take care that our actions are constructive and nourishing to the whole personality, and this means behaving in a manner that doesn't cause the destruction of ourselves or anyone else, in the society in which we live.

There is one point which I want to stress particularly. Certain situations make for the sudden recognition and communication of two minds or hearts. Similarly, there are certain situations which make for the sudden recognition and communication of two passionate desires. But one person can never know what the depth of need another person may have. This need is like a vacuum which has a positive drawing power—you can almost feel the pull. We all have to be mindful, as we go about our daily business, of other people's needs and be prepared to act as our brothers' keepers, if need be. This is particularly true when we come to physical desire.

I remember one patient who came rushing into my office one day and said, "May I sit in your waiting room for a little while?"

"Of course, but why?"

"My husband brought one of his business friends home for dinner last night and something extraordinary happened to me. I was terribly attracted to this man. I almost felt I could melt into his arms if he held them out. I am a very happily married woman. I know, logically, that I don't want that man. I don't even want to see him again. If I can stay in your office during the day for a while, I'm sure that I can work this out and it will pass."

It is natural for every one of us to experience unaccountable attractions for other people. Sometimes, with the right timing and staging, these feelings can be almost violent. But they just cannot be allowed to develop because they may destroy ourselves or other people whom we care about. Sometimes women feel it is right to follow the command of these sudden desires because of the great need of the other person. They are almost ready to subject themselves to this person completely because they are suddenly and sharply aware of this vacuum of loneliness—and the pull of the other person. Many a woman has entered into an affair because the feeling of being needed was so compelling. But if her actions contribute to the destruction of her own self-respect, or the unhappiness of any other person, her action is wrong.

Let us try now to put down in simple terms the difference between love and passion.

Passion is relentless, rushing into any vacuum, driving on to its own self-satisfaction regardless of the circumstances or the havoc which may follow. Passion has no morals, no standards, no control, and no compassion. It is cruel and devouring, looking only for its own immediate fulfillment. Passion tosses aside the rules, Christian ethics, civilization and individual plans and intentions. Passion disregards dignity and grace. It is humorless, full of rage.

Love, on the other hand, is more powerful than passion. Love illuminates all aspects of our relations between men and women, parents and child, friends and, ideally, between nations. Sometimes, in the recognition of one spirit by another there is a sudden spark kindling an inspiration which may last a lifetime. Love never destroys. It is trusting like a child, tender like a lover and tough like a mother. Love knows no social barriers, no age limits. For me, love implies the ability to accept the person just as she is. Love understands, respects and is always willing to wait. Love listens and love then gives. Love is also joyful and, at times, exquisitely and quietly humorous. Love can occur in many different guises but when love between a man and a woman overflows into passion, the relationship is restored and recreated again and again. The marriage is then truly blessed.

But passion without love is disaster and love without passion is no marriage. Love with passion but without the knowledge of how love is nurtured may wither and vacuums may form. Time, imagination, laughter and the rest are the prescriptions I give. Surely one of the best of all sounds that must come to the ears of God is the happy, tender, affectionate, understanding laughter of a husband and wife in the prelude of their love-making. ♦

Cold tomorrow?



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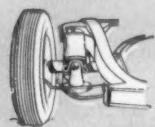


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Be one of the first to own this bold, bright beauty... Pontiac for 1958!

HOW YOU CAN BE
YOUNGER
THAN YOU ARE

You begin to show the signs of age in your thirties. How much depends on your ancestors, on the sickness and mishaps in your life—and on you: on how much you eat and walk and worry. But you can be younger on your next birthday than you are today

By EVELYN HAMILTON

• EVER SINCE THE first woman discovered herself in a mountain brook, we have all wished that we could stave off old age. One of the miracles of life in 1958 is that we actually can. We live longer and we age more slowly than our ancestors did. At forty, great-great-grandmother was an old woman in a shawl sitting by the fire with her knitting; and, like your contemporary in Africa and India today, she had only an even chance of reaching that age, threatened as she was by pneumonia, typhoid fever, tuberculosis. Today, we are just getting our second wind at forty, and we confidently expect to enjoy life until we are well past seventy.

No matter how long we expect to live, and what we shall die of in the end, each one of us, in her heart, wants to know—how can I be younger than I really am, next year, in five years' time? Some of us eagerly try every new face cream, vitamin pill and fad diet that promises renewed youth. Others among us resign ourselves to growing old and abdicate from life while we are still young, afraid to try new things, allowing our minds and bodies to grow rusty.

Neither extreme is sensible—but you can keep a firm hold on youth in two ways. The first depends on your luck, rather than on your efforts: on the kind of body and on how big a bank balance of energy you inherited from your parents; on how much illness and misfortune you have had in your life.

The second depends on you—on *Continued on next page*

HOW YOU CAN BE YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE

...continued

what you do to keep or to improve your heritage, and to avoid the stiff joints and rigid mind which are the hallmarks of age; on how you eat and move and think. If you are wise, you can be younger on your next birthday than you are today.

It is usually in your mid-thirties that you will begin to show the effects of aging, and your physical age is a mysterious sum total of your inherited potential and of all your worries, overladen dinner plates, extra Martinis, childhood falls, late hours, broken love affairs.

This doesn't mean that you should aim at a cosy cocoon of caution. You also age by not doing things—by not trying that new salad dressing because the old one is so easy, not making an effort to meet the neighbor across the street, not changing the color scheme in the living room, and not exploring new authors, new places to holiday.

Why is it that some of us cling to youth longer than others? Why are some of us wrinkled and creaky at thirty, while others have fresh faces, active bodies and enquiring minds at eighty?

The first prerequisite, if you wish to live to a ripe, healthy and youthful old age, is to pick long-lived parents and grandparents. Heredity will help to determine whether your hair will turn white at forty, whether your skin will wrinkle prematurely, whether you will become shortsighted as you grow older, and even whether you will suffer from heart disease. But many other things will decide whether you will be as vigorous and youthful as your grandmother at eighty, or whether you will have an even longer and better life than she did, and some of these things are in your own hands.

As we admire the hale eighty-year-old, we forget that she grew up in a very different world from ours, when people walked to work, did their washing by hand, square-danced for amusement, cranked their cars. Now, everything is made so easy for us that we literally only have to lift a finger—to push the buttons on our car or washing machine, change the channel on our TV by remote control.

Our gadgets have cut down our physical activity at the same time as they relieve us of physical drudgery, and there are signs that they have increased our nervous strain. Our minds and joints become stiff from lack of use—yet at the same time we have lost tranquillity in our lives. None of this makes our battle with age any easier.

Aging—"and particularly premature aging—is, in a sense, due to the constant, and eventually exhausting, stresses of life," says Dr. Hans Selye, Director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, in his book, *The Stress of Life*. You are born with a certain amount of "adaptation energy" inherited from your parents, like a special kind of bank account which you can use up by withdrawals but cannot increase by deposits. Dr. Selye tells us that our true age depends largely on the rate of wear and tear, on our speed of self-consumption. If you have a great deal of worry and sickness in your life, you will use up your natural vitality and resistance to aging more quickly.

You may not be able to avoid some periods of grief and

strain, but you can try to find out what your needs are in the way of relaxation, just as you know what you need in the way of sleep. (And don't forget the importance of early-to-bed—each one of us knows the swift and depressing effect of lack of good sleep on her looks.)

Try not to accept hurry and tension as inevitable. Don't allow yourself to be weighed down by all the things you have to do. Take each task as it comes and plan your day realistically. Don't set an impossible timetable for yourself so that you wax the floor, have extra ironing to do, and have promised to bake cakes for the church bazaar on the same day that you have guests for dinner. You'll only have to leave something undone anyway, and end up feeling frustrated and exhausted.

If you relax away the little tensions as they occur you stand a very good chance of preventing the accumulation of big tensions. Sometimes, activity may be the best way of relieving pressure. You know that if you are worried or upset you can often find release in scrubbing a floor or going for a walk.

Some of us are less fortunate than others in the amount of sickness that strikes us. The usual bouts of measles and flu probably won't have much effect on the length of your life. But if you have chronic bronchitis every winter, the extra strain may mean that you will age a little more quickly. If you make a good recovery from tuberculosis, you will be back in the normal group for life-insurance purposes. But a diabetic will age prematurely, even under the best of treatment.

These are the sudden attacks, from which you can usually recover. There are other diseases which are developing slowly and secretly through youth and middle years, and which contribute to your aging.

Every time you, as a youngster, injured a knee or a wrist or a shoulder playing or working, you probably damaged the joint lining. Your body attempts to repair the damage, but unfortunately calcium salts may be deposited in the new tissue, producing irregular spurs of bone around the joint, and pain and creaking when you move. This is osteoarthritis, the mildest form of arthritis and by far the most important cause of discomfort as you grow older. (It's distinct from the stiffening of your body caused by lack of exercise, or the disablement caused by atherosclerosis.) Heat, Aspirin and patience are all that can be prescribed for it as yet.

Osteoarthritis may be the crippler of middle age, but it is rarely a killer. The two chief diseases of aging, and the main causes of death in Canada nowadays, are cancer and hardening of the arteries.

Fortunately, many cancers are easily treated by surgery, drugs, or radiation if they are found early enough. Regular, thorough medical checkups are a must as you grow older.

Hardening of the arteries, or arteriosclerosis, or atherosclerosis, is a disease which begins in childhood and continues in our bodies through to death. It is the chief cause of disablement and invalidity in age, and the main cause of that tragic accompaniment of old age, senility. Deposits containing cholesterol, a fatty, waxy substance *Continued on page 55*

These Women Discovered the Fountain of Youth



Lillian Gilbreth, engineer and author, mother of twelve children (you may have met her and her delightful family in *Cheaper by the Dozen*), pioneered with her husband in the new field of motion-study engineering. Now, at almost 80, she directs courses for the disabled, advises the U.S. government on education, writes, lectures, is head of her own engineering company.



World's most glamorous grandmother, Marlene Dietrich is more radiant now than when she starred in *The Blue Angel* almost thirty years ago.



The "divine Sarah"—Sarah Bernhardt—lived a legendary life, as full of drama as the plays she made famous. She carried her coffin with her wherever she went, served tea to her guests on it, as her way of defying death. She defied age in the same way. Out of her great love affair with the poet Edmond Rostand, when she was over 50, came his most famous plays, *L'Aiglon* and *Cyrano de Bergerac*. At 77 she played the part of a young man in a play in London. She died the next year, while planning to make a film.



Three women who began new careers at an age when most of us think we shall have abdicated from life: At 60, Clara Barton founded the American Red Cross, retired at 83 not because of age, but because of differences of opinion. Edith Hamilton distilled a lifetime's study of the classics in her first book, *The Greek Way*, at 63.



Her seventh book appeared in 1957, when she was 90. Here she speaks at a ceremony held in her honor last year in Athens. Grandma Moses, now 97, began to paint when arthritis prevented her from doing the sewing she enjoyed, held her first one-man show at 80. Today collectors pay \$2,000 or more for a small picture.



Lillian Gish, star since 1912 (*Birth of a Nation*, *Orphans of the Storm*), shown here on arrival in England last year to make her first British film.

To see how to buy a look of youth, turn the page

If you must look young, for professional or emotional reasons, or if you've never been happy with the shape of your nose or the set of your ears

YOU CAN BUY A NEW FACE

By JEANNINE LOCKE

• YOU'VE PROBABLY WISHED, ever since adolescence, that your face or figure could be slightly rearranged: your nose reduced or tilted, ears set more snugly, jawline tidied or bosom made more luxuriant. Most women would like a new look. Whether or not you should have one is no longer an academic question in Canada. Cosmetic surgery, which is performed to improve appearance, has become a regular entry on the daybooks of some forty plastic surgeons from Montreal to Vancouver.

Although plastic surgery has a long history (noses were being reconstructed in India at least two thousand years ago) it's still a brave new specialty in Canada. But in another ten years or so it's not at all unlikely that Canadians will be ordering new noses as casually as they now arrange to have teeth straightened.

They'll pay a high price for a surgical "new look" (fees range from about three hundred to five hundred dollars or more, depending on the complexity of the operation). The risks involved are basically the same as in any other kind of surgery. A face lift, like the loss of an appendix, means hospitalization. Recuperation takes time, too. Following sandpaper treatment of acne scars, for example, patients are about three weeks under bandages. A built-up breast involves a series of operations over a period of about a year. And satisfaction is never guaranteed even—and especially—by the most competent and conscientious of surgeons.

The results, though, are often well worth the time and expense involved. One fifty-year-old woman, newly widowed, wanted to return to work but was worried about whether she could compete with fresher-faced women. She had her face lifted by a Toronto plastic surgeon and, looking radiant, applied for—and got—employment in the same department store that had hired her thirty years earlier.

This woman was a good risk for cosmetic surgery, and her request for an operation was promptly fulfilled. But a good many patients are turned away. Specialists have learned that some patients are harmed, rather than helped, by improvements in their appearance. In some cases, the psychological hazards loom larger than the actual physical deformities.

Who are the unsuccessful candidates for surgical new looks?

There's the young woman who wants a "Grace Kelly nose." Or the matron who tries to conceal her desire for a prettier face under cover of complaints about her physical health. Neither is likely to be realistic about the results, the surgeon has good reason to suspect.

As the Toronto plastic surgeon, Dr. A. W. Farmer, has pointed out, "In other types of surgery the patient . . . usually hopes that an operation will not be necessary." The plastic surgeon's patients, on the other hand, often ask for operations. "Under such circumstances," Dr. Farmer is firm, "the patient's mental attitude is of great importance."

A forty-two-year-old woman, the mother of a twelve-year-old, asked a Toronto surgeon to straighten and shorten her nose. In addition, she wanted wrinkles removed from under her eyes. Without these facial defects she was confident, she said, that she could get well-paid, part-time jobs on TV.

In the eyes of the surgeon, the woman's crooked nose and coarseened skin were much less objectionable than her unkempt hair, soiled dress and chewed fingernails. He recommended psychiatry instead of surgery for that woman.

A careful interview had revealed a potentially difficult patient. The woman's complaints about an unattractive nose and wrinkles under her eyes were only the symptoms, the surgeon discovered, of serious mental and emotional illness. She blamed all her difficulties on factors entirely outside herself. "This woman would have been dissatisfied with the best surgical results," the surgeon was certain. "She wasn't emotionally healthy enough for a cosmetic operation."

One patient used her extravagant nose as an excuse for her unattractiveness to men. After a surgeon had honed it to more modest proportions, she developed psychosomatic complaints and soon needed psychiatric help. The psychiatrist's examination revealed the woman's "basic fear of the opposite sex." Cosmetic surgery, which removed her excuse for avoiding men, served as "a trigger in precipitating a complete breakdown."

Noses figure largely in unhappy case histories principally because they're the feature that the *Continued on page 50*



**They
told me
my child
was
retarded**

Refusing to accept the verdict three years ago, this mother began her long struggle to break through invisible barriers and find her "hidden child"

THAT SPRING I decided that we couldn't use the front veranda any more, Margaret and I. It would not do to have her sitting there in her pram—which she should long ago have outgrown—playing with her hands and smiling to herself, so withdrawn that she did not know one person from another and not hearing when I spoke to her. The other mothers in the apartment building were showing open curiosity, pity and that prideful comparison with their own, normal children which is the other side of motherhood. (Didn't I know it? I'd been just as smug about our two boys, taking their extra height, weight and brightness as personal achievements of my own.)

Yet, in spite of what the neighbors thought, in spite of what the doctor had told us, I still believed in Margaret. My belief was not very strong. It was a tiny little flame, kept alive by flashes of normal behavior in Margaret herself.

We had been told by her pediatrician that Margaret, at eighteen months, was permanently retarded. It is not unusual for mothers stubbornly to refuse to accept such a diagnosis. But had we accepted it then and done nothing further for her, I don't doubt that Margaret would have continued to retreat into her private world, until what we know today as an emotional disturbance would have hidden her intelligence forever.

Margaret is now four years old. In the intervening years we have had every possible diagnosis. An otologist thought her "profoundly deaf"; other hearing specialists said she was deaf because she was retarded. Through the years a neuropsychiatrist observed her, keeping an open mind, and finally diagnosed her as "autistic"—severely emotionally disturbed.

Today she is an active little runabout. When she shows jealousy of her brother, slipping her arms *Continued on page 51*

By Ruth McConnell



If you, like Sally, wonder why

a Second Baby is Different

we suggest that you read this story



THE FIRST pain came as I was in the process of fixing breakfast. It could not really be termed a pain, just a sudden twinge in the small of my back, but I was so startled that I nearly dropped the orange-juice squeezer.

"Well, for goodness' sake," I breathed in joyful recognition, "and it's two weeks early!"

Mark said the same thing when I told him. He was in the middle of shaving, and he stood there with a brushful of lather in one hand and his razor in the other, staring at me in disbelief.

"It's too soon," he said accusingly. "It's not due for two weeks yet."

"I can't help it," I said, my joy beginning to ebb. "Second babies are often early, the doctor said."

"Oh, one day early, maybe," Mark said condescendingly, "but two weeks! That's just too much." He turned back to the bathroom mirror and began drawing the razor across his cheek. "You probably just strained your back lifting Peggy out of the tub yesterday. I told you to call me and I'd do it for you."

"It's not from lifting Peggy!" I exclaimed in frustration. "For goodness' sake, Mark, I guess I know a labor pain when I have one. After all, I've had them before."

"Hmmmm," Mark said, carefully guiding the razor around his mouth.

In injured silence I stalked back to the kitchen. The morning sunlight was pouring through the kitchen window. The water was boiling for the coffee. The oranges still lay on the drainboard where I had left them. I put one hand on the handle of the refrigerator and waited for my back to twinge again. It didn't.

"Nuts," I said in disgust and opened the door and took out the milk.

It was not until I had squeezed the rest of the juice, and poured the cereal into bowls, and set out spoons and milk* and sugar and jam, and poured the coffee, and put two pieces of bread in the toaster that I had another pain.

I greeted it with delight.

"There now!" I cried triumphantly as Mark came into the room, neatly dressed and shaved, looking like a college freshman.

Mark has fine fair hair like Peggy's and dark-blue eyes and the kind of innocent curve to his mouth that makes old ladies ask him to hold their packages while they go into rest rooms. A stranger would never believe he had completed four years of college and is now finishing his second year at law school.

"You're really sure, huh?" He poured milk and sugar over his cereal and reached for the toast. "It's too bad it's jumping the gun like this instead of waiting till summer vacation like we planned. I hate like the devil to miss classes at the end of the term."

I stared at him in amazement.

"You hate to miss classes! Why, you practically failed your last year at college when Peggy was born!"

"Sure," Mark said, "but that was different. In law school you miss a class and you've probably missed a couple of questions on the final." He reached over and patted my hand. "Don't worry though; we'll work things out."

"I'm not worried," I said, pulling my hand away. I could remember his dynamic reaction two years ago when I *Continued on page 28*

By LOIS DUNCAN

Illustrated by Will Davies

"Sure we care," Mark said. "This is a different time, that's all. A different baby. How can it be the same?"



The courting of Mary Ballue

By FRANK FARNHAM

Illustrated by James Hill

The new schoolteacher

was an

armful for any man—

even Mark Logan.

Wasn't she the

logical choice for the

seat of honor

in those days of the

horse and buggy?

• It seemed as though I already had almost everything I could ever want, riding home with my folks in the pung on that January morning in 1919, for I was just then getting back home from the fighting in France.

Then Ma started talking about Mary Ballue. She called her a raving beauty. I didn't get too interested for Ma, bless her, was never one to bother with comparatives when a superlative would do. But Pa turned his attention from the reins to wink at me, and I guess I knew she was special even before he said, "Wait till you get a look at that schoolma'am's ankles."

That was what she was, a schoolma'am—the new teacher at the county school—and Pa was the best judge I knew of horses and women. The record proved it. His teams usually placed first at the fairs, and Ma herself was a trophy to put all his blue ribbons to shame. Her hair was still as black as a crow's wing, and she hadn't added enough anywhere to her figure to hurt it any.

"Don't be coarse," she told Pa that morning. "Mark isn't interested in her ankles."

"Wears silk stockings, too," Pa informed me, undeterred, "and if she was to let that mane of yellow hair down, I bet it would reach to her waist."

"Blue eyes, I bet," I ventured.

"And that smile," Pa said. "Never saw a girl yet who could do so much for a smile. And she's all over soft as a kitten."

"Now, George, how could you possibly know that?" Ma asked him.

"Don't have to take my word for it," Pa said. "Just ask any man who's swung her on Boston Fancy, or Lady of the Lake."

"She sounds just the girl for my courting sleigh," I said. "Can she cook?"

"You'll have a chance to find that out at the box social Saturday night if you bid on her box, Mark," my sister Sue spoke up from the back seat beside Ma. "I think I can find out in advance which one it is."

"Why should you?" Not that we didn't like each other deep down, or stand up for each other in other company, but we were so close to the same age that we'd always fought and it just wasn't like her to volunteer help.

"You're the boy the girls always chased," she said, "and now we've got a girl in town to match your reputation. You ought to make a perfect couple."

I grinned at that. "You mean all the boys are after her? Even Ed Donald?"

Ed Donald had been Sue's beau

Continued on page 39

*"Why does every boy who takes me out
try to kiss me?" she asked.*

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOUSE WORTH MORE MONEY



New classic entrance and pale pink-violet paint over old brick renews the Francis Johns' house. Top-story door was remodeled as window. Total cost about \$2,000.

Operation Home Improvement

This year, a nationwide, government-endorsed campaign to encourage home improvement, repair and renovating is taking place in Canada for the first time. The campaign, called Operation Home Improvement, is designed to ease seasonal unemployment and retain skilled workers in the building trade. For home owners, it means that labor almost unavailable in the past owing to new construction, now is easier to obtain for work on older homes. Leading suppliers, manufacturers of building materials and other members of the building industry in Canada are backing the campaign to assist the householder as much as possible.

As well as making your house more attractive, up-to-date and comfortable, renovating prevents older urban communities from deteriorating into slums, increases the value of your house and neighborhood.

To help finance your home improvements (perhaps ones like we show here) you can apply at your local bank for a government Home Improvement Loan. These are available up to four thousand dollars at six percent interest.

Remodeling is the answer—especially this winter while labor and supplies are freed from the summer building rush. To finance, check on Home Improvement Loans, available up to \$4,000 at your bank. Costs given are approximate and, unless specified, include labor

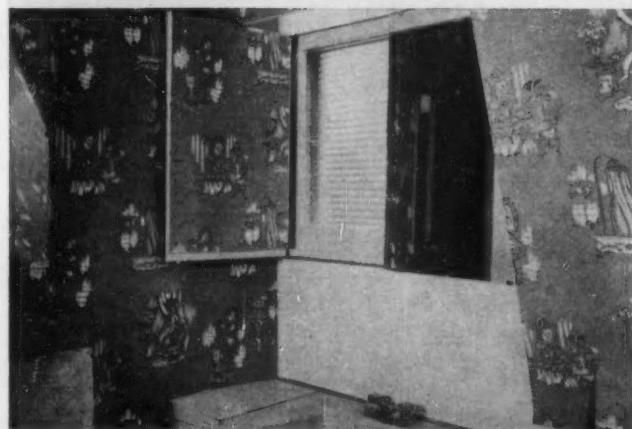
BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Chatelaine Home Planning Editor



Bathroom transformed

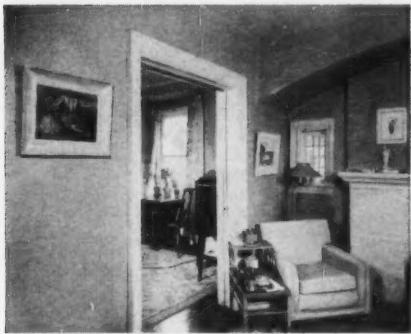
Up-to-date fixtures, a built-in cabinet and countertop, and gay washable wallpaper created this modern bathroom in the same old space. Window above old sink was refitted (immediately below) with mirrored doors which swing out to let daylight in. Cost, including rubber-tile floor, about \$1,100.



**Remodeled fireplace and archway
create more space for living**



Fireplace mantel is lowered and extended under side windows for width and to make this room look larger. Mantel was leather-upholstered. Bookcase, tongs replace busy furniture arrangement. Fireplace — \$75.



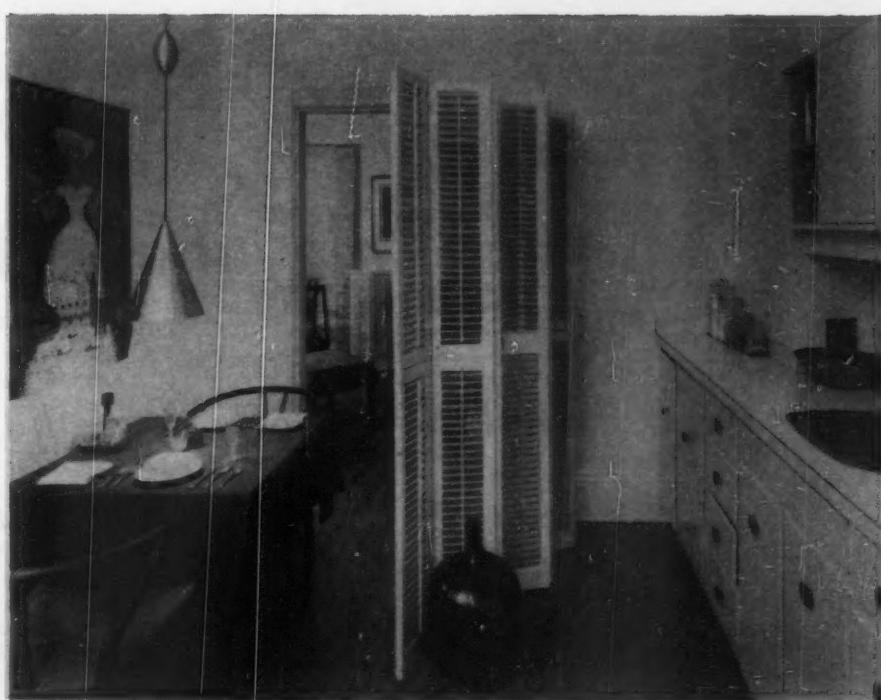
Archway in same house was knocked out so cramped living area could expand into the dining room. Part of archway was retained at fireplace end for greenery planter and a fluorescent light above. About \$260.



Build around kitchen problems



For storage, old cabinets were kept and a new unit added to extend storage space along entire wall. Also added, the stainless-steel sink and the plastic-laminate countertop. Corner waste pipes from the flat above (see "before") were enclosed in wallboard, with top shelves fitted flush. For remodeling and built-ins, \$150.



More about remodeling on page 38



Anne (5 foot 8) chooses black-and-white, rayon-and-acetate tweed, with deep inverted pleat at the back, banded hemline. By Klever Klad. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$29.95. Available at Henry Morgan in Hamilton; Simpson's in Toronto; Hudson's Bay in the west. Louise's Margo dress (centre) is

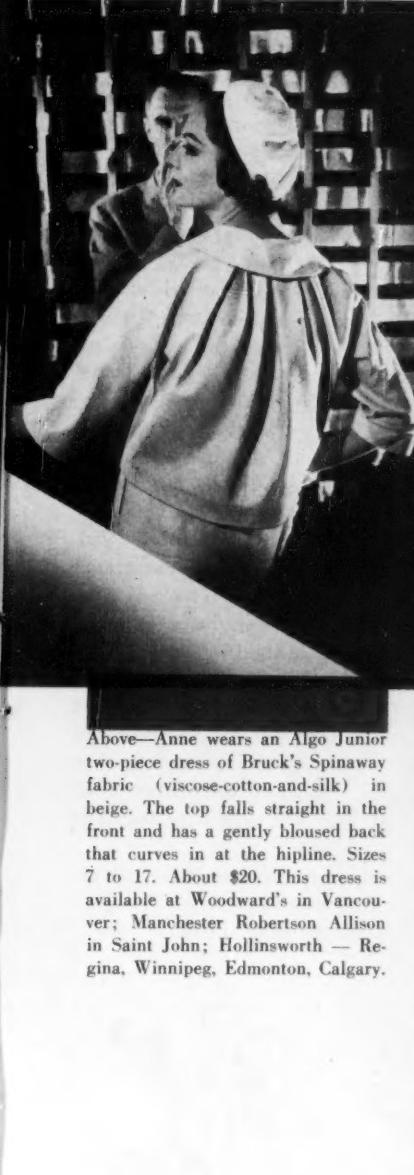
black-and-white herringbone silk. Sizes 5 to 15. About \$40. At Saba Brothers, Vancouver; May Company, Toronto. Shoes by Capezio. Joan's Leslie Fay dress (right) for the girl 5 foot 5 or under, is brown-and-white, cotton-and-silk tweed. Sizes 10 to 18. About \$35, across Canada. Shoes from Simpson's.

Everyone's asking about THE SACK . . .

. . . *the little slip of a dress that flew record time from Paris to Canadian stores. Here's how to wear it*

By VIVIAN WILCOX

Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor



Above—Anne wears an Algo Junior two-piece dress of Bruck's Spinaway fabric (viscose-cotton-and-silk) in beige. The top falls straight in the front and has a gently bloused back that curves in at the hipline. Sizes 7 to 17. About \$20. This dress is available at Woodward's in Vancouver; Manchester Robertson Allison in Saint John; Hollinsworth — Regina, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary.



Left: One-piece dress—with a two-piece look. It is of navy rayon faille with a white, butcher-linen, detachable overcollar, navy bow. By Algo Junior. Sizes 7 to 17. About \$25. Available at the following stores: Woodward's in Vancouver; Hollinsworth in Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg; Manchester Robertson Allison, Saint John.



Above left, a navy wool two-piece dress with white piqué collar. By Anne Klein of Junior Sophisticates. Sizes 5 to 15. About \$40. At Fraid's in Montreal. Margo dress in navy crepe (above right). Sizes 5 to 15. About \$30. At May Co., Toronto.

The black-and-white, shepherd's-check wool dress (left) has white linen dickie and cuffs that are removable for laundering. Designed by Anne Klein of Junior Sophisticates. Sizes 5 to 15. About \$40. Available at Creed's in Toronto; Fashionwise in Vancouver; A. J. Freeman in Ottawa; Liberty in Hamilton and Wood Brothers in Halifax.

• Unless you are built on unusually ample or ultracurvaceous Marilyn Monroe lines, you can wear some version of this latest fashion. Actually it's a chemise—not a sack. A sack implies no fit and no style. These dresses have both: *a new kind of fit* that bypasses the waist, hugs the hips and tapers from there on down; lots of style—one-piece, two-piece, with infinite variety in bodice and skirt treatments, collars, sleeves. When you choose your chemise look for the same flattering lines, fabrics, details you seek in other clothes. One of CHATELAINE'S models, Louise, at 5 foot 6, can wear most styles. Anne is 5 foot 8. If you are tall like her, consider the navy dress with big white collar—the one she wears above, right. If you are short like Joan (5 foot 3), try the polka-dot dress with vertical ribbon panel—or the dress on the right in the big picture, opposite page. It is specially proportioned for the petite. If you are bosomy, consider a modified chemise—belted in front. If you are hippy, see that all detail is concentrated in the bodice. The unwaisted line is kind to midriff rolls—but that doesn't mean you can ignore a foundation. A hip-slutting girdle, a bra that gives a high rounded rather than accentuated contour are essential, whatever your figure. Skirt lengths? Shorter . . . how much, depends on you—on your legs and on your height.

Joan's understated dress is of grey silk shantung with white polka dots. It has a two-piece look in front—one-piece at back. By Margo. Sizes 5 to 15. About \$35. Available at Saba Brothers in Vancouver; the May Company in Toronto. The hat—and all the hats shown on these pages—are by Peggy Anne, Toronto.

Photographed at the Westbury, Toronto.



teen tempo

BY SUSAN COOPER



Brush him off tactfully

Fair wind or foul, no dates or too many, that's always the way the ball bounces.

This girl writes: "Please what can you do when a boy keeps calling and calling and you just don't want to go out with him? I went out with this boy once on a blind date. He was sort of horrible but I tried to make him feel good because I felt sorry for him."

"He's different and I don't think he has too many friends. However, I do not want to go out with him any more. Besides, I am going out with a boy I really like and I think we'll probably be going steady soon."

"What can I tell this boy who keeps calling? Mother won't tell him I'm not home, so I have to talk to him and I don't want to hurt him."

Why, in the name of goodness, should your mother lie for you? It's your problem. Of course you must handle it!

If you have tried the "I'm sorry, I'm busy" routine with no excuses and no elaborations for weeks on end (which usually discourages the most foolhardy) say you don't want to date him.

Just tell him it's because you're very much interested in someone else and are not dating any other people. Don't make a big production out of it and, if you really want to be kind, DON'T discuss it with your friends.



It's not always the best-looking girl who is the most popular. Personality counts more than looks so let yours shine out

So you hate to look in the mirror?

You look in the mirror and die. Your nose is too long, your mouth is all crooked, your jaw recedes, your hair is positively mousy. In fact, you decide, you hate yourself.

No wonder nobody has fallen madly in love with you. How could anyone bear to look at you when you can't even stand to look in the mirror!

Weep no more, my lady. There are charms in all kinds of imperfections.

Consider for a moment: Doris Day has a nose completely covered with freckles; Kathy Grant has big ears; Audrey Hepburn has a long thin neck and funny nose; Bette Davis has baggy eyes; Debbie Reynolds has a high forehead she has to keep covered up with her hair.

Even the movie stars aren't models of perfect beauty. And when it comes right down to it, what is perfect beauty? Everyone will give you a different answer because beauty is in the eye of the beholder and inseparable from personality.

Don't fuss or be unhappy about some supposed fault—forget it and let the whole of your personality shine through.

Sure as time goes by, you learn all the little tricks. Lemon juice fades freckles a bit. Different-colored lipsticks on top and bottom lips make

them appear bigger or smaller. Hair highlighter gives a gleam to any hair. Darker base on the nose makes it look smaller. Tricks are a dime a dozen and we all want at least to give an air of prettiness or charm even if we can never hope to manage true beauty.

This tale is a perfect example of the "don't fuss" theory and, believe me, it's no fairy story, either!

A fairly pretty, likable girl with lots of friends had one worry—a crooked tooth. It was knocked out in an accident so she had the dentist put in a straight one.

She found, to her horror, that all her individual charm was gone. She looked just like everyone else, just another ordinarily pretty girl. She saved enough money and had another crooked tooth put in—and the one little irregularity in her face gave her individuality. 'S true!

It's not what you look like but what you are that really shows in your face. So, do your best to enhance what nature gave you naturally then let the YOU inside take over, the friendly, natural, likable YOU that will attract the boys like flies to honey.

Then you can challenge the face in the mirror:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
I'm going out to have a ball!"



Could be foolish but it's fun

Here's a fun dance to start a party off with a bang! Tie balloons to the ankles of everyone before a dance and, as soon as a balloon bursts, the couple is eliminated. Apt to be rather raucous but a good starter!

—Lana Christensen, Red Deer, Alberta.

An initial madness has swept the world. Maybe everyone is trying to pin down their identification. Anyway, the latest is jeweled initials to pin on for evening, solo or in combinations.



Latest lingo straight from the west

Here's some of the latest lingo from the west coast: *A Heavy Piece of Furniture*—a stuffy escort; *Heckthalon*—battle royal with your parents; *Gone Ape*—you've got it bad and you're dying to go steady; *Free Lancer*—a guy who won't go steady; *Got Him Drafted*—you've hooked him solid; *Confined to Barracks*—your date has a small allowance so it's just a date and a show; *The Rare Disease*—you haven't had a date in ages; *Skinned the Cow*—you've cleaned your wallet; *Brain Shopping*—cramming for exams.

—Lia Tait, White Rock, B.C.
Everybody is lacing up their bobby socks.

There is a new type of sock with a twisty-knit top that you can push into any pattern you want—straight or crooked.

Drag out your summer beach bags. They're the latest for school books, pens, purses, et al, especially with large school or your own initials painted on the canvas!

Chatelaine will pay \$5.00 on publication for fads or fashions in your town, new games and dances, personality sketches of teens you know who make news. Send to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

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Jell-O is the Festive Dessert!



JELL-O PARTY PARFAIT

Sweet treat for sophisti-
cates! Prepare Orange Jell-O
according to package directions.
When chilled, cut into cubes, and
alternate with scoops of 1 pint ice
cream in tall parfait glasses. High,
handsome, delicious! Serves 6.



PARTY POINTER LEAFLET Desserts! Menu Suggestions!

You'll find them all in the colorful "Festive
Desserts" leaflet—NOW at your favorite food
store. Get your leaflet next time you shop.

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OWNED IN CANADA BY GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED



JELL-O PARTY DOLLS

Prepare Strawberry Jell-O as directed on
package. Pour into 4 individual moulds. Chill
until firm. Unmould on serving plates. Place
white marshmallows on top of unmoulded
Jell-O. For dolls' "heads", attach large mara-
schino cherries to toothpicks, and push tooth-
picks through centre of marshmallows into
Jell-O. Attach jelly-bean arms with tooth-
picks, too. Decorate the dolls' "skirts" with
whipped cream. Serves 4.

Party plans a-foot? Better check your Jell-O supply.

Any of these eleven Jell-O flavors adds gaiety and sparkle,
whether the celebration is for big people or for little folk.

Jell-O is the light, bright-flavored dessert that belongs
to a happy occasion—
or makes any meal a party!



JELL-O PARTY LIME WHIP

Dissolve 1 package Lime Jell-O in
1 cup hot water. Add 1 cup cold
water. Chill until slightly thickened.
Set bowl of Jell-O firmly in bowl of
ice and water. Beat with egg beater
until fluffy and thick. Whip 1/2 cup
whipping cream and fold into Jell-O
mixture. Pile in serving dishes or in
individual moulds. Chill until firm.
Garnish with strawberries. Serves 8.

CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

February

We can't say enough good things about this mouth-watering curry



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
SAT 1	Broiled Grapefruit topped with Marmalade Rice Cereal Toast Coffee Hot Chocolate	Egg and Cheese Pie Lettuce Hearts Thick French Dressing Corn Muffins Cottage Pudding	Baby Beef Liver Fried Onion Rings Whipped Potatoes Peas Preserved Peaches Chocolate Chip Cookies	THU 20	Stewed Figs Scrambled Eggs Toasted Fruit Bread Jam Coffee Milk	Spiced Tomato Juice Hamburgers Dill Pickles Lemon Snow Pudding Leftover Cake	Lamb Stew on Curried Rice Waldorf Salad Corn Muffins Raisin Bread Pudding Tea Coffee
SUN 2	Tomato Juice Pancakes Grilled Sausages Pineapple Topping Tea Coffee	Cream of Mushroom Soup Chopped Parsley Lettuce Tomato Sandwiches Whole-wheat Bread Spiced Applesauce	Tangerine Fruit Cup Barbecued Beef Short Ribs Broccoli Baked Potatoes Mustard Pickles Cherry Tapioca Pudding	FRI 21	Orange Juice with Sherbet Crisp Corn Cereal French Toast Jelly Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Maple Butter Sandwiches Peach Cottage Cheese Salad Fresh Coffeecake	Broiled Whitefish Whipped Potatoes Peas Stuffed Celery Deep-dish Blueberry Pie Coffee Tea
MON 3	Orange Quarters Hot Oatmeal topped with Raisins and Brown Sugar Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs Molded Tomato Aspic Sliced Cucumbers Rye Bread Sliced Bananas	Stuffed Meat Loaf Carrots Tossed Greens Chili Sauce Bagels or Rolls Coconut Cream Pie	SAT 22	Apple Juice Hot Oatmeal Crisp Bacon Toasted Coffeecake Honey Butter Coffee Milk	Potato Pancakes Sour Cream Crisp Relishes Peaches Butter Tarts Tea Milk	Baked Pork Chops Apple Stuffing Cabbage Sweet Potato Mustard Pickles Steamed Fig Pudding
TUE 4	Assorted Stewed Fruit French Toast Bacon Orange Sauce Toast Coffee	Chicken Gumbo Soup Pretzel Sticks Meat Loaf Sandwiches Relish Yesterday's Pie	Steamed Salmon Creamed Celery over Rice French-style Green Beans Olives Pineapple Spongecake	SUN 23	Orange Sections Broiled Kippers Lemon Butter Whole-wheat Popovers Preserves	Cream of Celery Soup Croutons Tongue Sandwich on Rye Bread Applesauce with Coconut Cookies	Savory Pot Roast Turnips Riced Potatoes Lettuce Green Pepper Salad Maple Bavarian Angel Cake
WED 5	Apple Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Protein Bread Coffee Hot Chocolate	Fruit Salad Plate with Cottage Cheese Hot Biscuits Leftover Cake with Ice Cream	Sausage Rolls Spanish Sauce Baked Potatoes French Stick Chocolate Eclairs	MON 24	Grapefruit Juice Toast Coffee Grape Jelly Cottage Cheese Chocolate Milk Drink	Puffy Omelet Mushroom Sauce Carrot Curls Sliced Bananas Ice Cream Angel Cake	Turkey Noodle Soup Cold Sliced Beef Spanish Rice Spinach Gingerbread Applesauce Tea Coffee
THU 6	Orange Juice Corn Flakes Sliced Peaches Toasted Fruit Bread Coffee Milk	Salmon and Corn Casserole Melba Toast Crisp Celery Fruit Jelly Date Squares	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mushroom Sauce Potato Croquettes Steamed Squash Lemon Pudding	TUE 25	Pineapple Grapefruit Juice Hot Wheat Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Hot Chocolate	Scotch Broth Crackers Raisin Waldorf Salad Gingerbread with Ice Cream	Liver and Bacon Cauliflower au Gratin French Fried Potatoes Fresh Fruit Cup with Chocolate Macaroons
FRI 7	Pineapple Juice Hot Wheat Cereal Sliced Dates Toast Marmalade Coffee Hot Chocolate	Asparagus Soup Dash of Nutmeg Popcorn Waldorf Salad Doughnuts	Curried Shrimp Egg Casserole with Noodles Tossed Greens Garlic Dressing Ginger Spanish Cream	WED 26	Apricots with Lemon Soft-cooked Eggs Cheese Muffins Tea Milk	Stuffed Frankfurters Kidney Beans Celery Caramel Pudding with Peanut Brittle	(Company for Dinner) Broiled Grapefruit Lobster Noodle Casserole Salad Rolls Strawberry Shortcake
SAT 8	Grapefruit Half Waffles and Bacon Spiced Cherry Sauce Tea Milk	Chicken à la King over Toast Points Assorted Crisp Relishes Preserved Strawberries Coconut Cookies	Polish Sausage Cabbage Rolls Rye Bread Dill Pickles Deep-dish Apple Pie	THU 27	Orange Juice All Bran Cereal Toast Jam Milk	Chicken Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwich Lettuce Wedge Jelly with Marshmallows Frosted Cake	Cottage Roll Raisin Sauce Creamed Onions Potatoes Apricots in Custard Jelly Roll Tea Coffee
SUN 9	Fruit Cup Broiled Kidneys Scrambled Eggs English Muffins Molasses Coffee	Beef Broth Potato Chips Cream Cheese Dip Lime Jelly with Grapes Lemon Sauce	Roast Pork Spiced Peaches Brussels Sprouts Roast Potatoes Strawberry Parfait	FRI 28	Grapefruit Sections Hot Cornmeal Cinnamon Toast Honey Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Juice Hot Deviled Eggs Creamed Asparagus Sherbet Tea Milk	Scalloped Haddock Parsleyed Potatoes Green Beans Apple Dumplings Lemon Sauce
MON 10	Orange Juice Whole-wheat Cereal drizzled with Honey Toast Jelly Coffee Milk	Corn Fritters Broiled Luncheon Meat Celery Sticks Quick Butterscotch Pudding Nut Cookies	Cold Sliced Pork Pan-fried Potatoes Beets Cabbage Salad Apple Cranberry Betty				
TUE 11	Stewed Prunes Shredded Wheat Bites Coffeecake Tea Jam Milk	Cream of Tomato Soup Salted Crackers Tongue Sandwiches on Roggenbrot Bread Leftover Pudding Steamed	Thick Beef Stew Turnips Onions Carrots Riced Potatoes Upside-down Pineapple Cake				
WED 12	Blended Vegetable Juices Poached Egg on Toast Bran Muffins Coffee Hot Chocolate	Bean and Bacon Soup Croutons Lettuce Cheese Sandwich Prune Whip Peanut Butter Cookies	Tuna Fish Casserole Spinach Pickled Beets Hot Rolls Lemon Tarts Tea Coffee				
THU 13	Orange Grapefruit Sections Hot Oatmeal with Molasses Toast Coffee Milk	Ham Croquettes Mushroom Sauce Tossed Salad Toasted Bran Muffins Fruit Cup	T-Bone Steaks Fried Onions Shoestring Potatoes Peas Crisp Pickles Baked Stuffed Apples				
FRI 14	Grape Juice Soft-cooked Egg Cornmeal Muffin Coffee Cocoa	Celery Soup Valentine Pimento Cutouts Salmon Sandwiches Baked Custard Cranberry Hearts Macaroons	Cheese Soufflé Tomato Sauce Escalloped Potatoes Spinach Salad Heart-shaped Cake Strawberry Ice Cream				
SAT 15	Baked Apple Bran Flakes Broiled Bacon Whole-wheat Toast Jelly Tea Hot Chocolate	Chili Con Carne Garlic French Bread Carrot Sticks Yesterday's Cake Preserved Raspberries	Beef and Kidney Pie Broccoli Hollandise Sauce Steamed Squash Rice Raisin Pudding				
SUN 16	Pineapple Juice Grilled Bologna Poached Eggs Toasted Crumpets Honey Coffee Milk	French Onion Soup Parmesan Cheese Fruit Jelly Whip Chocolate Cake Tea Milk	Chicken Fricassee Cranberry Jelly Cauliflower Potatoes Celery Cherry Pie				
MON 17	Orange Juice Hot Oatmeal Cinnamon Toast Coffee Hot Chocolate	Chive Omelet Sliced Tomatoes Sweet Pickle Relish Pumpkin Tarts with Honey Tea Milk	Egg Rolls Chicken Chow Mein Sweet and Sour Spareribs Steamed Rice Almond Cookies				
TUE 18	Applesauce Pancakes Grilled Back Bacon Maple Syrup Tea Milk	Mинestrone Soup Rye Bread Pear Grapefruit Salad Vanilla Pudding with Orange Sections	Veal Chops in Savory Sauce Carrots Whipped Potatoes Preserved Pears Lemon Coconut Cookies				
WED 19	Grapefruit Half Rice Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast Molasses Coffee Milk	French Pea Soup Crackers Lettuce Sardine Sandwich Carrot Strips Pears Custard Sauce Cookies	Macaroni and Cheese Bacon-wrapped Wiener Tossed Salad Chocolate Layer Cake Sherbet				

CHATELAINE RECIPE OF THE MONTH

PARTY SHRIMP CURRY

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 cups (20-ounce can) canned tomatoes
- 1 apple, peeled and diced
- 1 banana, sliced
- 2 cups cooked deveined shrimp
- 1/4 cup white wine

Melt butter in a chafing dish. Add onion and green pepper. Sauté until tender. Stir in flour, garlic, seasonings and tomatoes. Cook until mixture is smooth and thick. Add apple, banana and shrimp and cook until hot, stirring occasionally.

A word about curries . . .

Curries are accompanied by condiments such as nuts, grated egg yolk, finely chopped egg white, chutney, French fried onion and freshly grated coconut. (To peel the coconut for grating, first drain out the juice by punching holes in two of the eyes. Heat coconut in a 350 degree F. oven for 20 minutes, or until shell is dry enough to crack off with a mallet. Cut off the brown skin inside and grate the white part.)



It takes more than love to be a good wife



After a hard day of being cook, family chauffeur, accountant, nurse, and peace-maker, among other things—a wife must also be a gay companion. Take the young couple above, for instance. Do you fit into this picture? Or do you both feel too worn out at night to share the day's happenings? If this is the case, chances are you just aren't getting the right type of sleep. It's a wise

wife who discovers the beneficial sleep-inducing qualities of Ovaltine! Not only does Ovaltine help relieve nervous tension—it also supplies important food elements to help rebuild body cells, while you sleep. And this delicious beverage contains many of the more important vitamins and minerals. Start tonight—and get the Ovaltine habit!

2 FLAVOURS: Plain Unsweetened and Chocolate Flavoured

New idea! "Yeast-Riz" crust makes mouth-melting



TUNA-ONION BROWN-UP



"YEAST-RIZ" CRUST

Scald $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening, 6 tablespoons granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Cool to lukewarm.

Meantime, measure into bowl $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water. Stir in 1 teaspoon granulated sugar. Sprinkle with contents of 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, 1 well-beaten egg and $\frac{1}{2}$ cups once-sifted all-purpose flour; beat until smooth. Work in an additional $\frac{1}{4}$ cups (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour. Knead. Grease top. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about 1½ hours. Punch down; divide into 3 pieces. Roll each into 10-inch circle and press firmly into 9-inch pie pans. Crimp edges. Brush with 1 slightly beaten egg white. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about 20 minutes. Prick with fork. Bake in

moderate oven, 350°, 8 minutes. Do not brown. Fill and bake—or cool, stack and wrap partially-baked crusts in foil and refrigerate up to 10 days. Yield: 3 pie shells.

TUNA-ONION BROWN-UP

Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in a large frying pan. Add 2 cups thinly-sliced onion; cook until tender. Add 1 can (approx. 7 ounces) tuna fish (drained and flaked)—or use 1 cup diced cooked poultry, 4 sliced ripe olives (optional), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper; heat well. Meantime, scald $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk. Stir hot milk into 2 beaten eggs; mix in 2 cups shredded Swiss or old cheddar cheese ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound). Turn hot tuna mixture into one "Yeast-Riz" Crust; pour hot cheese mixture over it. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

A week's work in a wink!

Make light, tender "Yeast-Riz" crusts on Tuesday . . . and store them in the refrigerator till needed. Fill one with tangy tuna filling on Wednesday . . . one with beef stew on Saturday . . . another with chicken a-la-king on Sunday. They brown in mere minutes . . . are always wonderful when you use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast! If you bake at home, keep several on hand for tempting main dishes . . . at a moment's notice!

NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION
ALWAYS ACTIVE, FAST RISING
KEEP FRESH FOR WEEKS



CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helps You Clean House



They're washable to boot!

Rubber overshoes, rubber stadium boots lined with nylon fleece, nylon stadium boots, rubbers or drizzle boots can be successfully washed in an automatic washer.

First check to see that the boot is completely washable, including the lining. (Leather boots should not be washed.) Use the long nozzle of a vacuum cleaner to remove any loose dirt inside the boots. Pretreat heavily soiled areas with detergent or soap and a soft brush.

Partially fill washer with lukewarm water, add built soap or detergent, then add footgear. Soak for fifteen minutes. Spin out water, balancing the machine with two old terry towels. Soak again for fifteen minutes and spin out wash water. Rinse boots either by submerging in lukewarm water or holding the boots under the tap. Squeeze boots between towels to remove moisture and wipe with a dry cloth.

Boots may also be dryer-dried at a low temperature setting. Balance the load with two towels. When dry, brush to bring up fur.

Vacuum out leather boots

Leather boots need special attention. Clean the furry lining with a vacuum cleaner. Then, using a long-handled brush dipped in warm, sudsy water, scrub out dirt. Use a dry, clean cloth or old towel to absorb excess moisture and leave boots to dry at room temperature. Never place leather near direct heat. Clean the leather with saddle soap, let dry again and then use a good wax shoe polish.

If outers are suede, use a suede dressing according to instructions to rejuvenate badly battered sections. Steaming also helps suede look like new. Let dry, then brush up nap.

Carpets—salted and ashed

Salt and ashes spread on slippery sidewalks can save broken bones, but they also bring headaches when tracked indoors. Salt attracts moisture, keeping your rugs damp and eventually producing brown spots.

Ashes are also damaging because they contain alkaline substances which are harmful to rug dyes.

To keep both these enemies at bay, vacuum rugs around any entrance daily during the winter months. Each week, wipe any soiled areas lightly with a sponge dipped in suds and dry with an old towel. If you can, have rugs cleaned yearly by a professional rug cleaner—preferably in late spring.

Household worksavers (contd.)

Here are more of those worksavers (inspired by Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth) we began listing last month:

1. Keep cleaning supplies in the same area in which they are to be used, or store them in a basket and carry them from one room to another.

2. Keep tea- and coffee-making supplies near the stove, and baking supplies and utensils together in the mixing area.

3. Use a tray for carrying dishes, food or any supplies from one room to another.

4. Use both hands for dusting: a cloth in each hand or a dust mitt on each hand. Halves the time!

5. After grating soft cheese, you'll find it easier to clean the grater if you rub a hard crust of bread over it at once.

Inside your handbag

Hankies, combs and other accessories stay fresh if a handbag is dirt-free inside. To clean cloth lining, first turn the handbag upside down and pull the lining out. Brush well to remove dirt, flecks of powder and lint.

Make up warm thick suds with detergent or soap and water. Dip a soft brush in the suds. Shake off excess moisture, then brush the lining well with the suds. Finish by rinsing with an almost dry cloth wrung out of clear warm water. Leave the lining pulled out of the handbag to dry.

Freshup for plastic mats

Colored plastic place mats that have been discolored with tea and coffee stains can be brightened this way:

Prepare a solution of one tablespoon of three-percent hydrogen peroxide, two tablespoons sodium perborate and one cup of water. Brush the solution into place mats. Rinse well in clear water. If stains persist, place mats in shallow pan and pour remaining bleach solution over them. Add two tablespoons peroxide and two cups water. Soak for thirty minutes. Then rinse well in lukewarm water and dry with a clean cloth.

Tidy drawer liners

Paper drawer liners stay in place if you first cut a piece of cardboard to fit the bottom of the drawer. Cut paper liners an inch larger all around and fold excess under edge of cardboard.

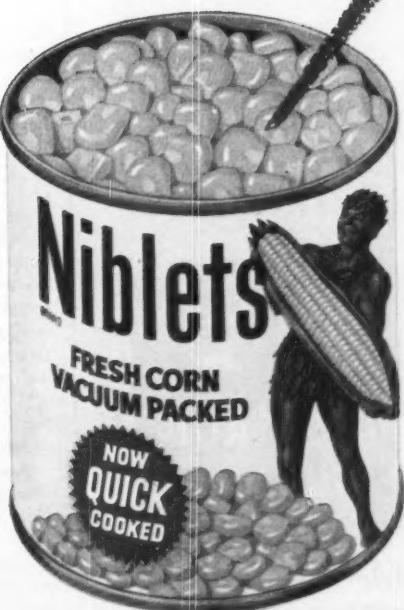
No more slimy soap dishes

Solid, wall-mounted soap dishes with no perforations will need less cleaning if soap is set on a thin oblong of cellulose or rubber sponge cut to fit. ♦



Choice of two sizes:

14-oz. can, serves 5 to 6;
8-oz. can, serves 2 to 3.



It's no news what quick-cooking does for vegetables —you've read how it saves the fresh flavor, color, and nourishment for your family to enjoy.

The big news is that quick-cooking has come to corn! Niblets Brand corn.

The Green Giant's dramatically different pressure cooker does it. The corn is now whirled through under high heat and split-second automatic control. Zing! It's tender.

You may find it hard to believe you're not eating kernels cut from a fresh-picked ear. New quick-cooked Niblets. Just heat and—oh boy!

NIBLETS BRAND CORN—the quick-cooked corn

Green Giant of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of the following brands: Green Giant Peas; Niblets Mexicorn; Green Giant Wax Beans and Green Giant Green Beans.



Look what you and your Magic can create!

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

3 ounces (3 squares) unsweetened chocolate

1/3 cup water

1/3 cup granulated sugar

7 tablespoons shortening

1 2/3 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 1 1/2 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour

2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder

1/4 teaspoon baking soda

1/2 teaspoon salt

1 1/4 cups fine granulated sugar

2/3 cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

2 unbeaten eggs

Note: Have all ingredients at room temperature.

Put chocolate, water and 1/3 cup sugar in top of double boiler. Cook, over boiling water, stirring often, until blended; cool. Measure shortening into mixing bowl; sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda, salt and 1 1/4 cups

sugar together twice, then sift over shortening. Stir in milk until blended, then beat 300 strokes or 2 minutes by hand or with electric mixer at medium speed. Add vanilla, eggs and chocolate mixture; beat another 300 strokes or 2 minutes. Turn into greased 8-inch square cake pan, lined in the bottom with greased waxed paper. Bake in a rather slow oven, 325°, about 1 hour. Let cake stand in pan 10 minutes, then turn out on cake cooler and remove waxed paper. Frost cold cake.

Golden Frosting

Combine in top of double boiler, 1 unbeaten egg white, 1 cup lightly-packed brown sugar (preferably the old-fashioned dark type) and 1/4 cup water. Place over boiling water and beat with a hand rotary beater or electric mixer until frosting stands in peaks. Remove from heat and beat in 1 teaspoon vanilla; continue to beat until frosting stands in peaks again. Swirl over top and sides of cold cake and smother the sides with broken pecans or other nuts.

You can depend on Magic

It's so easy to make a *real* Magic Chocolate Fudge Cake, velvety-rich and extremely tender. A lot of luscious eating, too!

Another fine product of
STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED.



A SECOND BABY IS DIFFERENT

Continued from page 15

phoned him at school to report that my back was aching.

"Honey, are you okay? Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes," I had assured him, making my own voice very calm. "It's not bad yet. In fact, I'm not even sure it's really it."

I could hear him breathing into the receiver. "Look, I'll go talk to my professor and then I'll be right home. Don't move around or try to do anything, just sit there. I'll be home in ten minutes."

"But," I said, "if he won't let you leave . . ."

"He'll have to," he had practically shouted. It was not like Mark to shout, and it had scared me almost as much as the backache did. "He'll let me leave, all right. A guy's wife doesn't have her first baby every day!"

That must be it, I thought now, watching him calmly eating his toast and drinking his coffee. Peggy was the "first baby." We've been through it now and it isn't a tremendous, earth-shaking miracle any more—it's just another baby.

We ate the rest of breakfast in silence. Mark looking over his notes on Real Property and I with my eyes on the kitchen clock. It was twenty-five minutes before the next twinge came, and when it did Mark was already getting up to leave.

He leaned over and kissed me.

"Take it easy, honey," he said cheerfully. "I'll phone you after my first class and see how you're doing."

"You mean," I said, "you're going on to school?"

"Well, sure." He sounded genuinely surprised. "You don't want to go to the hospital yet, do you? Even if you're right about its being the real thing, nothing's going to happen for ages. And I've got two hours of Trial Practice this morning from Stevenson. You know, he's the one who lectures instead of using the book."

I said, "I know but . . ."

I stopped myself. After all, he was right; there was no reason in the world for him to stay home. The last time he had arrived home from school in exactly ten minutes, and then spent the rest of the day following me around with a wrist watch, watching my face and asking, "Was that one?" every time my nose twitched. By the time we left for the hospital we had both been nervous wrecks.

"You're right," I said, "of course. Go on to school, but call me."

He came round to my side of the table and kissed me again, harder this time, pulling me up out of the chair and holding me against him. It was not exactly romantic because my stomach got in the way, but his arms were strong and reassuring. I sighed and buried my face in the curve of his neck.

"I love you," he said softly. "You know that, don't you, honey?"

"Yes," I whispered, "I know."

It is not a thing you say often to each other after you have been married a while. Oh, the first year you say it all the time—"I love you, I love you"—when you wake up in the morning, after every quarrel, before and after every separation. It is still such a new, untried sort

of thing, being in love; you keep reassuring each other that the miracle has not changed. But after three years you pretty well know whether it's going to change or not, and the words don't seem so important any more.

Still, it was good to hear them now.
"I love you, too," I said.

I went to the door to watch him leave and then returned to the kitchen and piled the dishes into the sink to clear the way for Peggy. Then I put her egg on to boil and went into the bedroom.

"Hi!" She gave a shriek of joy and hurled herself with all her strength against the bars of her crib. "Hi, Mommy!"

"Hi," I said with less enthusiasm. She had removed her pyjamas and diaper and was bouncing up and down on the sooping sheets. I took a deep breath and caught her under the arms and hoisted her over the side of the crib.

"Today," I told her as I wrestled her into her shirt and training pants, "you are going to have a little brother or sister. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Cookie," said Peggy with enthusiasm.
"No," I said, "not a cookie, a baby."

As I dressed her I glanced around the room, trying to visualize it with a youth bed in it. Most of our friends' children seemed to be sleeping comfortably in youth beds by the time they were Peggy's age, but then none of our friends' children seemed to be quite as violent as Peggy. Looking at the crib with its missing slats, drooping mattress, and well-chewed railings, I felt a little guilty about handing it on to the new baby. It was such a lovely crib, too, when we first bought it. But, I reminded myself, everything can't be as new and shiny for a second baby as it is for the first. It has to

A Chatelaine Pattern



SCARF FOR AN EASTER GIFT

Nylon scarf (15 by 36 inches, cut size) is stamped with design to be worked in shadow embroidery. Choose nylon in blue, pink, yellow, green or white; with white thread for colored nylon, black thread for white. No. C347. Price, \$1 for stamped nylon, instructions and thread.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark,
Chatelaine Needlecraft Department,
481 University Avenue, Toronto

let's have another slice....



enriched bread in
'CELLOPHANE'
stays fresh longer!

- "Cellophane" cellulose film protects your bread—seals in appetizing goodness.
- Strong, durable "Cellophane" keeps bread fresh and tasty to the very last slice.
- Clear as crystal, "Cellophane" shows at a glance the type of loaf you want. Makes shopping easier!

Vitamin-enriched bread
makes good eating
for the entire family
ANYTIME!

Cellophane
TRADE MARK
Cellulose Film

DU PONT COMPANY OF CANADA (1956) LIMITED • MONTREAL

Look for the premium quality small loaves

DU PONT
CANADA

Tired of "heavy" rooms, hard floors and housework?

LINOLEUM means lighter decor...

lighter housekeeping... lighter steps...

LIGHTER LIVING!

Linoleum *frees* the modern home from old-fashioned concepts. It inspires a new type of simplified loveliness... sets a new standard of comfort... creates new freedom from cleaning cares.

This new, *lighter* mode of living is pictured in the room below. Here the clean, fresh look of "Handicraft" Linoleum accentuates spaciousness. Its *smooth surface* sheds spilled things, supplies *no sanctuaries* for dust, mops sparkling clean in minutes... And its resilient composition cushions your footsteps, puts a pleasing damper on everyday household sounds.

Dominion Linoleum comes in almost a hundred exhilarating colours, from airy beiges and yellows to sophisticated black... colours which inspire decor that's utterly light and lovely.

Dominion Linoleum also supplies that nice, *secure* feeling you get when you've purchased a quality product manufactured by a company with nearly a century of experience.

Introducing, in the main floor area, the new size of 12" x 12" tiles in Black Handicraft (H768). Stairs: Handicraft (H773) Grey, by-the-yard.



Available by-the-yard or in individual tiles

in these 4 types... all *inlaid*...

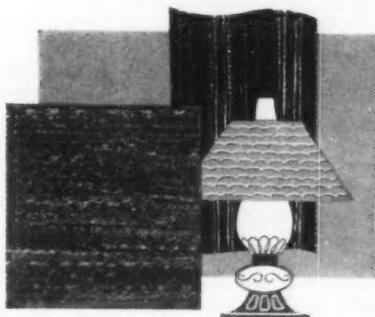
MARBOLEUM • DOMINION JASPE
HANDICRAFT • BATTLESHIP
made only in Canada... sold by
style-setting Canadian retailers

DOMINION LINOLEUM

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited • Makers of Dominion Linoleum, Dominion Vinyl Tile and Associated Products

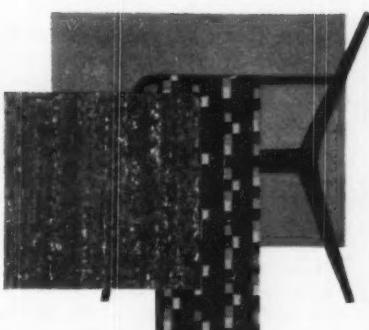
See how these DOMINION LINOLEUM colours mix or match with modern paints, wallpapers, fabrics, furnishings...

HANDICRAFT RUST RED H774



Red is a sunset shade... falling leaves... roses... a red-letter day. Red Handicraft here finds a pleasant friend — walls of pastel mustard. Accents of bark brown, lavender and yellow complete a relaxing scheme.

HANDICRAFT BLUE H771



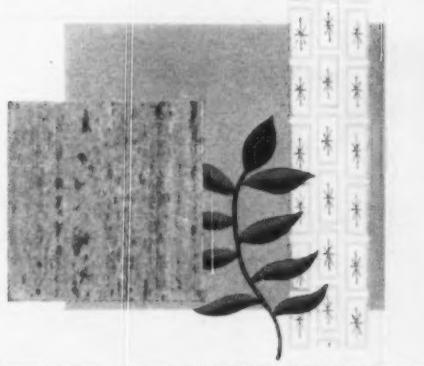
Floors and drapes of blue — the colour of first prizes and cloudless skies... old songs and goodbyes. A happy blending of pink and beige for walls and accents... rich mahogany. For a calm, cool living room — or den.

HANDICRAFT BEIGE H770



Beige is brown sugar... a favourite coat... memories of beaches by the sea. Beige is also the colour that unites these lime walls, drapes of green and Gaugin orange, accents of cheerful yellow in mellow harmony.

HANDICRAFT YELLOW H772



A shade of yellow — as in a moppet's hair... a wedding ring... Easter chicks... sudden joy. See how it welcomes sunlight-through-drapes, gets along with both delicate lavender and a very definite green.

For further inspiration — other room scenes, free illustrated guides on linoleum colour selection, installation and maintenance — write: Home Planning Dept., Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd., 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

expect at least some hand-me-downs.

"Come on," I said, releasing Peggy, "let's go have some breakfast."

I followed her into the kitchen and, as she clambered into her high chair, rescued her egg from the boiling water and broke it into a cereal bowl. I added milk and Pablum and a generous topping of strained pears, and practically dropped the whole revolting mess onto the floor as I handed it to her.

This time it was no twinge. It was more what you could call a full-fledged pain. And it was twenty-two minutes this time instead of twenty-five.

"Eat your breakfast," I told Peggy and went to the phone to call Mother.

"Sally?" She sounded surprised.

"How are you, dear? I was just going to phone you. I wondered if you and Mark would like to come down for the weekend." Mother lives thirty miles from Winnipeg, an hour's drive from us, but because of Mark's class schedule we seldom get down to visit.

"Thank you," I said, relishing the moment to the fullest. "We'd love to, but we're going to be tied down. Your second grandchild is on its way."

I waited for her gasp of excitement. Instead there was a moment of silence. Then she said, "But, Sally, it's not due for two more weeks."

"I know," I said impatiently. "I can't help it. It's coming early."

"Of course you can't help it, dear," Mother said contritely. "It's just that it does change plans a little. With Bobby home and Silvia visiting I can't very well come up there and stay. I'll have to bring Peggy down here."

"Oh," I said. I had forgotten that my brother Bobby, an engineer with an oil company, had brought his girl home for a visit. According to our original calculations they should have been safely back in Calgary before the baby arrived and Mother would have been free to come up to stay while I was in the hospital.

I said, "Can't Daddy act as chaperon on while you are here?"

"It's not the same," Mother said. "Silvia's parents would never have let her come if they hadn't been sure I would be here. She does seem like such a nice girl, Sally." She hesitated, sensing my lack of interest in the merits of Silvia. "It doesn't really matter to you, does it, dear? After all, you'll be in the hospital the whole time, and I'd only get to see you during visiting hours."

"No," I said, "I guess it doesn't make any difference."

It was hard to believe this was the same Mother who had insisted on flying all the way from Vancouver, where she was visiting, to Winnipeg, just to be here when Peggy was born. She had arrived a full week ahead of time just to help me with the housework and see to it I took a nap every afternoon. It was a little irritating at the time — after all, Mark and I had been married a full year and I really was not a little girl any longer. But now suddenly I rather longed for some of the same attention this time, not as much, of course, but still some.

"How far apart are your pains?" Mother asked now.

"About twenty minutes, and not really bad ones."

"Let's see." I could hear her turning the pages of her little memorandum book. "I have an appointment at the beauty parlor this morning; my hair's really frightful, and after I bring Peggy home I won't have a chance to get anything done to it. Do you think I need to get there before noon—I mean, since the pains are still so far apart?"

"No," I said. "I guess not."

"I'd hate for Silvia to think that Bobby's mother is an old hag." She laughed in a fluttery sort of way that did not sound at all like Mother. "Well, try to rest, darling. I'll see you in a couple of hours."

"All right," I said, feeling slightly bewildered. "Good-by."

I hung up and turned back to Peggy who was dumping spoonfuls of her breakfast on the tray of her high chair and wiping them up with her bib. When she saw me looking at her she beamed angelically and said, "Aw gone."

"Yes," I sighed. "All gone."

"Cookie?" asked Peggy hopefully. "Certainly not," I said. "Not when your whole breakfast is plastered to your bib."

"Cookie?" Peggy said again. Tears began to gather in her eyes and her lower lip started to tremble. Her eyes are a dark, dark blue, almost as dark as Mark's, and her lashes are long and curly. When she cries the tears cling to them in big silver drops.

I plucked her out of the high chair and gave her a cookie. Then I stood there, quietly, holding her for a moment. Heavy as she was and awkward as I was, still it felt good to hold her.

"I wonder," I whispered, "if I'll ever love a second baby the way I do you."

It was the first time I had put it into words, this nagging little worry that had been in the back of my mind ever since the first moment I suspected I was pregnant again. When Peggy was born and I heard her first cry and realized she was Mark's and mine, it was the most unbelievably perfect moment in the world. I could hear my own words even now: "Doctor, may I hold her? Please, please, may I hold my baby?" And a little later when Peggy was in my arms, the wonder of it was almost more than I could bear. Could I ever feel the same toward a second baby? It was hard to imagine.

I hope it won't know, I thought. It would be so dreadful if it ever guessed I didn't feel the same.

I carried Peggy into the bathroom and strapped her onto her toilet seat. One book I read recommended this for ten minutes after breakfast every day. So far it had never produced any results with Peggy, but it did get her out of the way while I rinsed off dishes and set out garbage.

While I was doing this the phone rang. It was Mark, fresh from his nine-o'clock class.

"Hi," he said. "How are you doing?"

"As well," I said curtly, "as can be expected under the circumstances."

"Had any more pains?"



LOVE
PIE?

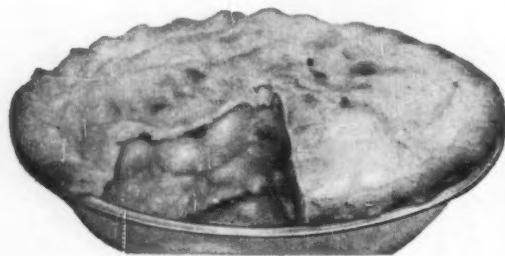
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"I've had five," I said. "Twenty minutes apart."

"Fine," Mark said encouragingly. "Have you called your mother yet?"

"Yes," I said. "She's coming up around noon."

There was the sound of a bell in the background.

Mark said, "I've got to go now or I'll be late for Trial Practice. I'll be home at the usual time."

"All right," I said. I started to lower the receiver and then raised it again. "Mark?"

"Yes?"

"Don't be late getting home."

His voice was suddenly very gentle. "Would you like me to come home now? Are you nervous or anything?"

"No," I said, "just don't be late."

I hung up the phone and went to escort Peggy out into the back yard.

not really eating sand, just playing in it, and slipped into the house.

Once inside, I finished cleaning the kitchen and moved on into the living room. I got out the dust cloth and the vacuum cleaner and emptied the ash trays into the wastebasket. I am not usually a very good housekeeper, but knowing that Mother is coming always inspires me to better my usual efforts.

I moved from the living room into the bedroom where I made the bed, hung up Mark's pyjamas, and dusted off the bedside table and the top of the bureau. I kept referring to my watch at regular intervals. By the time Mark arrived home at noon I was stretched out on the sofa.

"Hi," he said cheerfully, dumping his books onto the coffee table. "Ready to go?"

He sounded so matter-of-fact about it that I could have slapped him.

I said, "We'll have to wait for Mother to get here to stay with Peggy."

"Okay," Mark gave my hair a quick pat. "Are you up to fixing lunch or shall I do it?"

"You do it," I said, determined to get some service if it killed me. "And you can feed Peggy while you're at it. She's out in the yard."

This last was unnecessary, as by this time Peggy had heard Mark's voice and was shaking the back fence and yelling to come in. Mark went out to get her and I could hear her shriek of delight as he picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. There was a scuffle in the kitchen as she was dumped into her high chair.

"Daddy!" Peggy shouted. "Cookie!"

"Don't be a dope," Mark told her sternly. "Cookies are for dessert. First you have to eat the slop Mommy keeps in the baby-food jars."

I moved slightly so I could watch them from my position on the sofa. It was funny seeing the two of them together, so different and yet so strangely alike with their light hair and blue eyes. Mark moved easily about the kitchen, pouring Peggy's milk, making himself a sandwich, opening a jar of vegetable soup and spooning it into the plastic baby dish.

I never ceased to be surprised at how easily he handled the baby, especially since in the beginning he was afraid to

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so much as touch her. The day we brought her home from the hospital he stood frowning down at the bassinet for ten minutes before he nerved himself to stretch out a tentative finger.

"She's so little," he said doubtfully. "Are you sure she was ready to come home? Shouldn't they keep her there until she is a little huskier or something?"

"Seven pounds is a good size," Mother assured him. "And they grow so fast. In another month you won't know her."

"But what will we do," Mark asked nervously, "when you go back to Vancouver? Sally's never had a baby before. She doesn't know anything about them, and I sure don't. What if she gets sick or doesn't eat or something?"

His voice had trembled slightly when he said it. He looked so young standing there, a thousand times too young to be a father.

"Sally will learn," Mother said. "You'll both learn."

But she looked a little uncertain herself when she said good-by at the airport.

"I've written out the formula for you," she said, "and don't forget to boil the diapers. And if anything should go wrong—not that anything will, of course—but if anything should, get the best pediatrician, and send the bill to Daddy and me."

"All right," I agreed, fighting down my rising panic.

"I'll phone," she told us. "Every Sunday."

And she had too—all the way from Vancouver the whole time she was there. It must have cost a small fortune, but she had phoned.

I bet she doesn't phone much this time, I thought with a touch of bitterness. Now that a phone call only costs about thirty cents, I bet she never thinks about phoning at all.

Mark stuck his head in from the kitchen. "Want a sandwich?"

"No," I said. "I'll only lose it again." I had hardly finished speaking when I contracted, hard. Twelve minutes this time. "Mark," I called, "I think you'd better put some things in a suitcase for me."

He came out of the kitchen, munching the last of his sandwich. Peggy followed, eating a banana.

"Mommy!" she said immediately. She tugged at the front of her training pants with a familiar gesture.

Mark said, "You mean you've been home all morning and you haven't even put your stuff in the suitcase yet?"

A car pulled into the driveway. Mother got out of it, wearing her size-twelve dress, her hair gleaming and neat from her session at the beauty parlor. Looking at her, I felt like a bloated Shetland pony. The least I could have done this morning, I thought, was wash and set my hair.

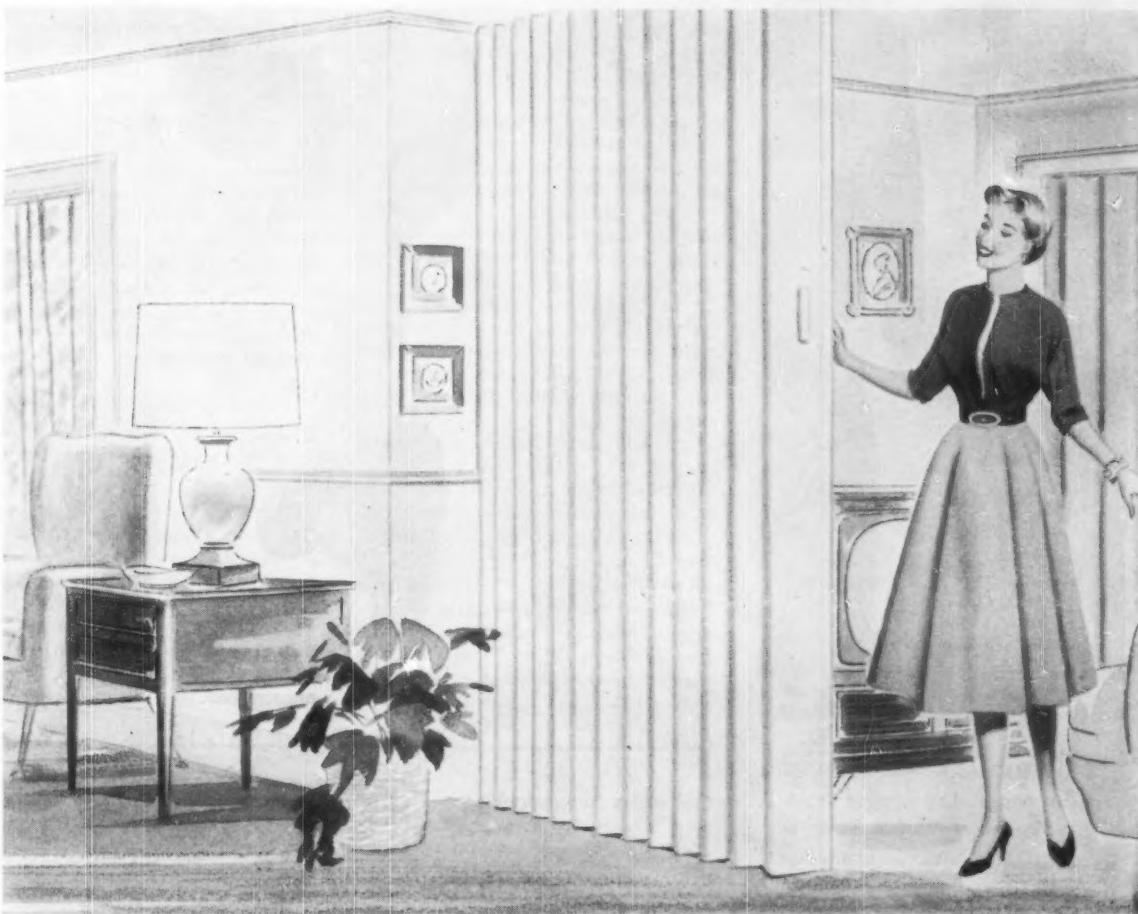
"Take Peggy to the bathroom," I told Mark, "before she sees her grandmother." But by this time Mother was in the house.

"It's all right," she said quickly, hugging Peggy and ignoring the damp spot on the front of her dress. "It was an accident. How are you, darling? Are you ready to go?"

"As soon as my bag's packed. Mark's seeing to that now."

"Fine." Mother sat down on the edge of the sofa beside me. "You know, Sally, I really think there's something serious

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between Bobby and Silvia. He hasn't said anything exactly—you know Bobby—but I wouldn't be at all surprised if we had a wedding in the family this summer." "A wedding! Bobby!" I gasped. I thought, that's why she isn't so excited about the baby this time. She's all concerned about Silvia and Bobby. Which is understandable, I suppose, but when Peggy was born . . .

I reached out and caught her hand.

"Mother, was it very different for you with Bobby? I mean, having a second baby—is it always so different from having the first?"

"Of course," said Mother. She smiled at me, an intimate, one-woman-to-another smile. "The first time you're scared. The second time you know what to expect. It's like taking a hard trip but knowing how long it is and what condition the road is in and what you're going to find at the end."

"But do you ever care as much?" I insisted. "Afterward, with Bobby . . ."

"Sally," Mark interrupted, sticking his head out of the bedroom. "What on earth do you want in this suitcase anyway?"

"Some nighties," I said, "and my bathrobe and slippers and cold cream and the birth announcements and my address book and my comb and brush."

"Good Lord!" said Mark, coming back into the living room, "you don't have to move the whole house over to the hospital with you. You're only going to be there a couple of days. Besides, I can't find all that stuff."

"I'll help you," Mother said, getting up.

I started to get up too and caught my breath and doubled back onto the sofa.

Mark gave me a funny look. "Getting worse?"

I nodded.

He stood looking down at me a moment, as though trying to think of something diverting to say. Then his face brightened and he fished an envelope out of his pocket.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, we got a letter from Mom this morning. I got it out of the mailbox on my way to school. She sent us a cheque for twenty-five dollars."

"Oh, grand!" I grasped the letter greedily. "Did she say anything about sending sweaters?"

Mark's mother must have started knitting the first moment she heard that Peggy was on the way, because the box of tiny, hand-knitted sweaters, caps and blankets that arrived for us hardly fitted through the door of our apartment.

"Well, no," Mark said. "She sent the cheque instead."

By this time I was scanning the letter.

"I know you still have plenty of things left over from when Peggy was tiny," I read aloud, "so I'm not doing any knitting this time. Just use the enclosed for anything extra you may need." I laid down the letter. "It does seem kind of cold and impersonal after all the work she went to for Peggy, doesn't it?"

"Well," Mark said, "Peggy was her first grandchild, remember. Since then my sister's had twins; this one is grandchild number four. She can't be quite as stunned as she was the first time."

It was a ridiculous thing to feel hurt about. It was not as though I had actually expected another huge box of sweaters or needed them, but suddenly, for no intelligent reason in the world, I started to cry.

Mark was beside me in an instant.

"Sally!" He bent close and put his arms around me. "Honey, what is it? Is it that bad already?"

"No," I sobbed. "it isn't. It's just . . ."

The tears would not stop. I put my arms around Mark's neck and buried my face against his chest and tried to put it into words.

"It's just that it's not fair. The poor baby! The first time everybody was so excited, and this time it's not the same. Nobody cares the way they did then."

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Mother—your mother—even you and I don't feel the way we did. And this baby has just as much right to be special as Peggy! It's not fair!"

"What do you mean, we don't care?" Mark pushed me away from him, trying to look down into my face. "Sure we care. This is a different time, that's all. A different baby. How can it be the same?"

"But it shouldn't be different," I wailed.

"Why not?" Mark asked sensibly. "We're different people, all of us. Our folks have been grandparents for a while, and they're used to it. Me, I'm used to being a dad; it doesn't scare me any more. You've had a baby before, and I know you can do it. I know when you bring it home we'll know what to do with it. I know . . ." he hesitated.

"What?"

His face was red. "I know," he said in a low voice, "that you're not going to stop loving me because there's a baby to love instead."

Mother came back into the room carrying the suitcase and dragging Peggy by the hand.

"I think I've found everything. If not, you can have Mark pick it up for you later." She kissed me. "Don't worry about a thing. I'll take good care of Peggy."

I said, "I know you will, Mother."

I leaned over and hugged Peggy. "By, sweetie. Mommy will be home soon." The first baby. The special, lucky, first baby.

"Cookie, Mommy?" she said doubtfully.

I caught my breath sharply and stayed leaning over. This time it was sudden. And hard. And strangely satisfying. I stayed doubled up for a moment and then straightened again, letting my breath out slowly.

Mark put his arm around me. "Can you walk, or shall I carry you out to the car?"

"I can walk," I said, "but we'd better hurry."

Well?" I said.

"Well," the doctor said cheerfully, "you timed it pretty well. My wife's going to be happy; for once I'll get home in time for dinner."

He held the baby up so I could see him. He was tiny and wrinkled and red. His eyes were squeezed closed. His head was covered with a mop of thick, black hair.

"All that hair!" I murmured in amazement. "Peggy never had any at all!"

I felt very relaxed and comfortable, lying there in the delivery room. I had been breathing some kind of gas that left me pleasantly drowsy.

Then I heard the cry. It was high and thin and outraged, and terribly familiar.

"That's my baby," I said.

And then it came. It came suddenly and flooded through me like a giant wave. The pride. The wonder. The sudden unbelievable realization that this was my baby! Mark's baby! This morning there had been nothing, and now, here, screaming in front of me, was our own baby!

"Doctor," I said, "may I hold him? Please, please may I hold my baby?"

The words rang familiar in my ears.

I thought, I have said those same words before. I have lived this moment before. It may be the second time or the first time or the millionth time, but I have lived it before.

And it was exactly the same. ♦



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How to shop with Chatelaine

This month we test and tell about man-tailored blouses; teas and coffees from faraway places



Six coffee breaks a day

"From faraway places with strange-sounding names," Darjeeling, Ceylon, Kenya, Brazil, Paraguay, come today's — and yesterday's — teas and coffees. The great tea clipper races in the 1800s are a far cry from walking to the grocer, but a good cup of tea or coffee is just as appreciated. In fact, recently we had tea and coffee breaks six times a day — testing for Seal of Approval.

Taste panels of consumers compared brands of tea, coffee and instant coffee in all forms — bulk, bag and vacuum pack. Prepared the same way, served at the same tem-

perature and time, the test brand rated very favorably with others.

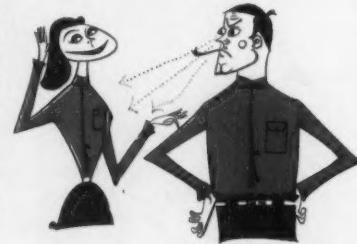
Our laboratory chemists informed us that, as imported products, tea and coffee must be certified pure before entering Canada. A plant tour proved the care that goes into keeping these products fresh and free from contamination while they are blended and packaged. We have, therefore, granted the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval to RED ROSE TEAS, COFFEES and INSTANT COFFEE.

Neat and crisp as an Ivy Leaguer

Among the best things we women have copied from men are man-tailored blouses! We like the neat crisp look combined with good fit and easy washability. One manufacturer who applied for the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval specializes in man-tailored shirts.

Our test takes more than appearance into consideration. We do make sure that garments are well-finished with no stray threads, loose buttons, or fraying seams. We check that the material is suitable for the style and type of blouse. Our textile experts do laundering and colorfastness tests.

We worked with the manufacturer for some time helping him improve his sizes. We checked his new sizes against other makes and tried them on live models to double check. A plant tour showed the care that goes into man-tailoring. With this background we were happy to grant the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval to LONDON LASSIE MAN-TAILORED SHIRTS.



Holders of Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval — February 1958

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Housewares	Lloyd Baby Carriages
B. F. Goodrich Sponges	London Lassie Shirts
Carpet Cushion	Melman Trademark
Blue Ribbon Spices,	Modernfold Doors
Extracts and Baking Powder	Spacemaster and Custom-Line
Bonus Ravioli Dinner	Nobility Plate
Carnation Evaporated Milk	O'Cede Instant Cream
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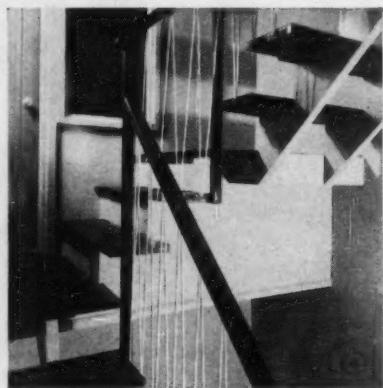
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Old house has a new look

Continued from page 19

To delight fussy city dwellers — a solid old house in the heart of town has all the conveniences of today's living added



Modern staircase leading to three self-contained flats in an old house replaces the original dark fumed-oak stairway. The three-story stair well was torn out and the wood used for the new treads with open risers. These, plus new balustrade of white plastic clothesline, let in light from outdoor windows. Also added for light, frosted windows at each entrance. \$1,500.



Spacious old room becomes a kitchen-dining area in a converted flat. The wood-and-pegboard divider is open at the top for uncrowded effect, provides extra storage on kitchen side. Cost of divider, about \$75.



Catchall cupboard under the stairs leading to the second floor of this apartment is redesigned as handsome showpiece to hold crystal and china. Slanting back of cupboard was blocked off with plywood; then plywood and cupboard sides were fitted with metal strips and arms to support plywood shelves. Inside of the cupboard was wallpapered white, with white enamel shelves, and a fluorescent light tube added. Cost of materials only, about \$30.

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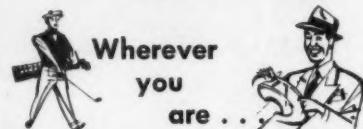
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THE COURTING OF MARY BALLUE

Continued from page 17

off and on since the fifth grade, and her steady for at least four years.

"Ed, too," Sue said bitterly. "Now you know."

That explained Sue being in favor, and it explained Ma being in favor for Sue's sake, and just being a man would account for Pa's being in favor.

"Mary Ballue," I said, liking the musical sound of it. "I'll think about her."

"You better think hard," Ma fussed tenderly. "You've been fiddle-footed long enough and off to war to boot. It's time you settled down with her or another."

I just laughed. Ma had been saying that even before I went away. But it was good to be back, to wave to the neighbors we met along the road, and to hear once again the sound of team bells on the winter morning.

It was a great feeling, being back, and it kept getting stronger as the day wore on. After dinner, I went up to the attic and got the hickory skis I hadn't had on for two years, and left my tracks over most of the cleared parts of the farm. At three-thirty I was standing, by no accident, on the hill in our north pasture that overlooked the county school. And that was when I got my first look at Mary Ballue, just as she was leaving.

Even at that distance, she looked like a flower walking. Her lavender coat swirled at the bottom and clung at the top. She looked tiny and trim, and an armful for any man. I took care that her first sight of me would be one to remember. I plunged down on a steep course intersecting the road at a point well beyond her, dodging the remembered boulders and leaping the cradle knolls, with the snow spray curling back behind me.

I didn't meet her then—I hadn't planned to—but I was satisfied as I took the road home, not forgetting to call on my old pal Sarah Chester.

I never knew anyone easier to be with than Sarah. Maybe that was because she was the one girl around that I never had to play up to—she was so down-to-earth honest, so full of fun, so much a tomboy, so homely—at least she had been when I went away.

"Hello, Romeo," she said, seeing the skis and the direction I'd come from. "I'll bet you've been showing off for the new teacher."

"Do you think she's worth my while?"

"I expect you'll think so," she said. "What are you staring at me like that for? Do you see some changes?"

She did look a little different, somehow, but her hair was still the same chocolate brown it had always been, her long face was almost as skinny. Her dark eyes would have been beautiful on any other girl.

"You've got a new pair of glasses."

We tossed insults back and forth merrily. Then I told her I'd see her at the box social.

"I don't think I'll go," she said, sobering.

"Oh, come on."

"What boy would want to eat with me?"

"I would," I said. "Not even my Ma is a better cook."

"Do you really mean it, Mark?"

"Of course I mean it," I told her. She looked at me thoughtfully, and then she began to grin. "Very clever," she said. "I think I will go at that."

Of all the box socials I ever went to, the first one after my homecoming is the one I'll remember longest. My old girls were all present, and so were most of my male friends. Grady Lum had been back from France for ten days. Abel Mantz had been back two months from training camp. Then there was big

Ed Donald, who had never gone at all.

It was good to greet each of them, but best of all was the sight of Mary Ballue in a shimmering green silk gown, like a fairy princess. The Taylors had brought her, but whoever bought her box would take her home, according to custom, and that was reason enough for the evident drop in the town's courting couples.

Pa and Ma sat with the married folks in chairs along the sides of the hall, taking it all in. The girls tended to stay in a blushing, giggling covey, some stand-

ing and posing, some sitting. We young men stayed together, too, jostly, laughing too loudly, and our eyes straying to Mary's tiny feet peeping out below the hem of her gown, or even better, to the silken flash of an ankle.

Sue had found out for me which box was Mary's, but I couldn't have missed it. It was the fanciest thing on the laden table down front, covered with fringed white crepe paper with little red hearts pasted on.

Then Grady's pa, Hiram Lum, went

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forward to be the auctioneer and it got quiet. All the husbands bid on their wives' boxes and most of them went for about fifty cents. Then, with the routine out of the way, Hiram got down to the interesting part.

I had thought maybe he would leave Mary Ballue's box for the last, but I had forgotten how smart he was. If he had saved it, a lot of boxes brought by lesser girls might have gone begging while boys who might have bought them waited to bid on the big one. Instead, he put it up first.

"How much am I bid?"

"Three dollars," said Ed Donald, his big face glistening.

"I have three. Who'll make it three-fifty?"

"Three-fifty," said Arnold Selwyn.

It went to five, to eight, to ten. Ed Donald shook his head glumly and rattled the change in his pocket.

"Do I hear eleven?" said Hiram.

He heard eleven and twelve, and finally he heard fourteen-fifty.

"Going once," he sang out. "Going twice. Sold—to my spendthrift son. I didn't know he had that much money."

Grady beamed like a moon when he went down to collect it. Then he peeked inside and read off the name written there. "Why, it's Mary Ballue," he said, in the most surprised tone.

I hadn't said a word.

Ed Donald got my sister Sue's blue-and-yellow box for two-fifty, after a small flurry of bidding, and the other boxes generally went between one and two, and everyone there settled back, thinking the show was over. Then, Hiram held up a box near the last that was all green. "How much am I bid? Who'll start it at fifty cents?"

No one spoke. I looked across at Sarah in her plain brown dress.

"I bid fifteen dollars," I said loudly.

"Would you repeat that?" said Hiram, into the churning silence.

I repeated it, and down the hall I could see Pa grinning from ear to ear. He had taught me all the tricks to a courtship and he'd always said I had a natural flair for it. I didn't look then at Mary Ballue, but without even looking, I could feel her searchlights on me.

"You could have bought my box for a quarter," Sarah told me later, as we were eating together. "But even if it wasn't meant for me, I appreciate it. I never expected to take a top box in my lifetime."

"Not just the top box," I reminded her. "Hiram said it was the all-time record. That ought to give you some standing."

"It ought to give you some standing, too," Sarah giggled. "You should have seen her face."

I saw it close up, a half hour later, as the luck of the dance brought us together to swing on Lady of the Lake.

"Hello, Mark Logan," she said. "You see, I know your name."

"Hello, Mary Ballue. I know yours, too."

"You didn't bid on my box. Why didn't you?"

Her voice was soft as corn silk and breathless. We were swinging very fast.

"Everyone else was. I like to be different."

"They said you were."

"Who said?"

She smelled like apple blossoms and the wind was just right.

"Why, everyone. 'Wait till Mark Logan gets back from France,' they said. 'The girl wasn't born that he couldn't have if he wanted,' they said. They also said," she added daringly, "'that you could swing any girl alive off her feet.'"

I really tried then. The room whirled as we whirled, and everything blurred but her face, though I knew when the other dancers stopped swinging to watch, and I could hear Hiram Lum on the fiddle increasing the tempo, trying to match the beat to our flashing feet.

I tried, and I couldn't do it, and the feel of her, and the look of her, and the way she danced were enough to let me know that my heart was already hanging on a hook in her trophy room, but I wasn't ready to let her know it.

"It looks like you've met your match at last," said Sarah, when I got back to swing her near the end of the set.

"It looks like I have," I admitted.

Sarah could throw a baseball like a man, ski like she was born on them, roam the woods like a deer, but she never knew where her feet went on a dance floor. They were always in the way, awkward and eager as a collie puppy's.

"Take it easy," she warned, as her legs dangled in air, and she clung to me. "I'm not Mary Ballue."

Indeed she was not, nor were any of the other girls I danced with that night. I let Mary Ballue simmer and yearn and, after the goodnight waltz, I took Sarah home in my courting sleigh, Rupert packing a mile every three minutes and eager to run through the white moonlight with all the bells jingling. We had started off near the last and we passed other sleighs all along the way, including Grady Lum taking Mary Ballue back to Cora Easton's, where she boarded. I had the fastest horse and the finest sleigh and, temporarily, the homeliest girl in town.

"Thank you for a fine evening, Mark," Sarah said at her door. "I hope I was some help to you."

"You were. You can still be." I could hear Grady's sleigh coming.

Sarah's mind was fox-quick. She moved out a step or two from the shadow into the moonlight. She held her arms up to me.

"Will this do?"

"Fine," I said. "This will be perfect."

I kissed her just as Grady was passing and Sarah surprised me. Awkward, but sweet too, and earnest about it. She did her best to give Mary an eyeful.

"Any time you need any more help . . ." she began, but she didn't finish. She ran into the house.

Driving home, I hoped Mary Ballue would dream about me that night, for I knew I would dream about her.

The third night after the dance, I went calling on Mary right after supper.

"Get your coat," I told her.

"What for?"

"You're going to ride."

"Isn't Sarah Chester available?"

We measured each other.

"Tonight I'm asking you."

"All right," she said. She went and got her coat.

"I have lessons to prepare. I can only be gone a few minutes," she warned me. "Grady and Abel are both coming over later."

I helped her into the sleigh and then went around to get in beside her, and under the buffalo robe.

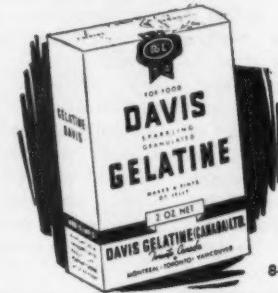
I found out a few things about her on the ride. She didn't know how to ski,



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and didn't want to learn. She didn't think twelve dollars a week was enough pay for teaching when she had to give three of it back for room and board. She wanted to be somebody.

"You are somebody." I put my arm around her shoulders.

"But that's not how I mean," said Mary Ballue. "Would you be willing to stay here all your life, doing the same things over and over year after year until you were dead?"

"Sure I would. I expect to."

"But have you no ambition?" she went on. "Don't you want to make something of yourself? Go into politics, perhaps?"

"Me in politics?"

"With your looks and those big shoulders and your charm you'd be a natural."

"I just want to live in the world and be happy. No politics."

"But you might like it if you tried it. You could start in with local government, run for reeve this spring."

"That's the best way to lose friends I know of."

"But if . . . what are we stopping for?"

"I don't know. Rupert just stopped. He does that sometimes. Maybe he thinks the sleigh has a flat runner."

She didn't look as though she believed me, and while she was looking unbelieving I pulled her up against me and kissed her. She struggled a little and then slapped me—for appearance's sake.

"Mark Logan, I am not that kind of a girl."

"I know you're not that kind of a girl," I said. "I didn't want you to think I was green."

"You were just taking advantage. Why does every boy who takes me out try to kiss me?"

"Ask a silly question," I said, very pleased with myself, and drove on. But a few minutes later, Rupert stopped again.

"Maybe because you're so lovely," I said. "Because your lips look so soft."

"Mark Logan," she sighed, "what am I going to do with you?"

I had that all figured out, for then, and showed her; and for later, she had it figured, too.

When I got home after ten, I told Pa, "Guess what? I'm going to run for reeve."

In a week, I had Mary to the house for supper, and in a month we were almost going steady. Ed Donald could see which way the wind blew and had gone back with Sue, but Grady Lum was still in the race, trying hard but falling back. Far in the rear were Abel Mantz and the pack in full wishful cry.

"You know you're going to marry me," I kept telling her. "Just name the day."

"But Grady and Abel and the others—they've been so nice to me. I can't bear to hurt them."

"You've got to make a choice sooner or later."

"But such an important decision." I would kiss her to help her decide and I could tell she loved me. "Maybe after the election," she would say.

I got elected in March, beating out Grady Lum.

"I didn't really want the job anyway," Grady said, as he congratulated me.

"Then why did you run?"

"Same reason you did, I guess," he confessed. "She wanted me to make something of myself and I tried to make myself what she wanted."

"No hard feelings, Grady?" He had

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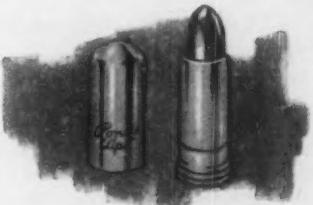
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Mary Ballue was so happy over my winning. She thought maybe I could get her a raise.

"It wouldn't take effect until fall," I reminded her, "and I wouldn't want my wife to be working."

She thought that over, and then she said, "Mark, if we should be married, where would we live?"

"Why, on the farm. Logans have lived there a hundred and twenty-six years."

"You mean, live in with your folks?"

"We'd live in the wing Pa and Ma used when they first got married. We'd be by ourselves."

"Mark, Mark," she said playfully, running a hand through my hair, "it just wouldn't work, two households under the same roof. Your mother doesn't like me, your sister Sue hates me. I'd have to have my own house. Could we afford to build a new one?"

Her big blue eyes were shiny with love and longing and tears, and she was so

soft and so warm, and I loved her, and we could afford it.

I told her yes, but it would have to be on Logan land.

"Darling," she said, "of course it can be on Logan land. With a bathroom, and a nursery, and a big living room. What a housewarming we'll have!"

"Then we're engaged?"

Mary nodded. "But let's keep it a secret for a while, shall we? Secrets are such fun."

I kissed her throat, her hair, her eyes.

"But I'd have to tell my folks," I said.

"I suppose so. But no one else."

"People will guess when I start building."

"Let them guess," she said gaily. "We'll make it official as soon as it's all done, and next year you can run for the provincial legislature, and in a few years it will be parliament. And we'll get to know all the important people. And I can help with them, and someday I'll make you a cabinet minister."

I laughed at her bubbling daydream, for I knew that was all it was. But I couldn't destroy it either, at least not then. I didn't want her to lose faith in me for, aside from politics, I had plenty of faith in myself.

I didn't expect to have any trouble with the folks about building the house, and I didn't have any. They weren't as joyful as I was, perhaps, but like Ma said, "I don't believe there's a mother alive who ever thinks any girl is good enough for her son." I laid it to that.

The cold snap broke and suddenly it was spring. It was wood-sawing time, and time to tap the sugar maples. This was a project Sarah Chester and I had worked on happily together during all the time we were growing up and, loaded down with lard pails and spiles, and the bit and auger I used to use, I went whistling toward Sarah's.

"Sappingtime," I said, when she opened the door. "Care to join me?"

"Oh, yes. I was thinking only this morning, Mark . . ." Her face got sad, and she stopped.

"Thinking what?"

"Nothing. But I did see a robin this morning, and Pa heard geese looking for open water over the lake last night. Spring is here, isn't it?"

"Then let's go," I said.

She put on a faded red sweater and a pair of boots and we crossed into the maple grove. I did the boring, and she tapped in the spiles with a mallet, and the hung pails we left behind us began to make plinking music.

"This is like the old days," I said happily.

"Do you think so? I was just wishing we weren't all grown up. It used to be I could tell you anything, Mark, and you could tell me anything. But we couldn't this winter and we can't any more. It's all over."

"Of course we can. Why, we've been closer than brother and sister, and nothing's ever going to change that."

"Nothing?" I knew she was thinking of Mary Ballue. "Are you sure, Mark?"

"Of course I'm sure," I told her. Sarah was family in everything but name.

Only three days later, when I came to get Sarah to gather the sap, she wasn't there. Her Ma was alone in the kitchen, her face all swollen from crying.

"Sarah's gone," she said, "and I hope you're satisfied. She's leaving on the afternoon train for her Aunt Effie's in Toronto, and she says she's never coming back."

"But she can't be gone. She belongs here. I didn't do anything."

"You done enough. You're marrying Mary Ballue and don't you deny it. She was here this morning with all her claws out to tell us. She'd heard about you and Sarah gathering sap and she came to put a stop to it."

"Mary came to put a stop to it?" I said stupidly.

"You should have heard her. 'Mark's mine,' she said. 'And I'll tell you now

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what he's too soft to tell you. Keep away from him. He doesn't want you in his life!"

"That's not true."

"Sarah said it wasn't after she left, but she stood there and took it, the name-calling and all, when I would have scratched her eyes out."

I grabbed Ma Chester by a shoulder, turned her to face me. "But why? Why did she take it?"

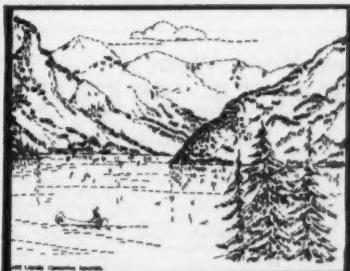
"Because she loved you enough not to hurt you. Sarah couldn't help the way she was born, with all her looks on the inside where no one could see them. And she always knew she'd have no chance with you. But until today she hoped you could still be friends. She . . ."

I left, running. All the way to Cora Easton's, I was seeing Sarah's face. All her faces. Her face at ten, smiling ruefully, with blood on the snow, and a ski splintered, and the bones sticking out through her leg. Her face at twelve, her pensive wonder at the first Mayflower we'd found that year. "God looks like this," she'd said. Her face at sixteen, turned up to the autumn sky, so full of joy that I hadn't fired at the flight of snow geese rising over us from the lake mists. Her dear sad face at nineteen, on the day I went away.

Sarah! I thought. I can't be in love with Sarah!

But why couldn't I bear the thought

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of her leaving town? Why couldn't I imagine a world without her in it?

I cut across the lawn at Cora Easton's. Sarah's train would be leaving in less than an hour, and first I had to deal with Mary Ballue.

"Why, Mark," she said, when we were alone in Cora's parlor, "I didn't expect you until this evening."

She thought she could handle me still and lifted her face to be kissed, but I was in no mood to be handled and I kept my arms to myself.

"I heard you called on Sarah Chester."

"But darling, of course," she laughed prettily. "I can't imagine what Sarah told you, but . . ."

"She wasn't there to tell me anything. She's gone."

That seemed to surprise her. "But that's the best thing that could have happened," she decided. "She's haunted your life long enough, underfoot all the time looking for crumbs from the table. And I freed you. Now we won't have to think up excuses for not making her well-

come in our new house. We won't . . ."

"There's not going to be a new house," I said steadily.

She was sinfully beautiful still, but a hard shine came into her eyes.

"What does that mean?"

"Anything you want it to."

"But you know I won't marry you without the new house. What's got into you?"

"If you loved me, the new house wouldn't matter," I said slowly. "You'd want me for what I am, not for what

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you think you'll be able to make me."

"Really, Mark, I . . ."

I could be ruthless too, when I had to, and I could hear the grandfather clock in the hall ticking the minutes away.

"I'm going to manage my own life," I went on. "I'm going to pick my own friends. I'm a grown man now, not to be twisted around anyone's finger. If you still want me on those terms . . ."

Then I saw the real Mary Ballue under all her fine feathers.

"Get out of here," she screamed. "Get out!"

"I was hoping you'd say that," I said.

I ran home, threw a saddle on Rupert, and raced him the six miles to the village. Her Pa was just handing Sarah up the steps of the afternoon train.

"Sarah, come back," I yelled, and she saw me, and hesitated.

"I love you," I cried, and then she did come back.

We were married that June, in the church, with the whole town there, except for Mary Ballue, who had left when the school term ended. All through the service, it rained, but Sarah in white made a glowing bride. Later, driving toward the lakeshore in Pa's Willys-Overland, I looked down at that shadowed face nestled against me and wondered how I could ever have thought her homely, or even plain. In the rain-streaked twilight, the soft and shining look of love made Sarah beautiful.

But there was a sadness in her, too. Or a fear, I couldn't tell which. I thought perhaps it was the rain, which some felt was bad luck for a wedding day. But that wasn't the trouble with Sarah. She didn't mind getting wet from the drip through the window curtains. All she saw was how green the rain was making everything.

"Then what is bothering you?"

She looked up at me, startled, and her mouth began to tremble.

"A bride wants to bring her husband the best of everything and I can't. I can't make myself pretty for you — like Mary Ballue."

"Now see here . . ."

I had told her I loved her, time after time, but I had never told her she was beautiful. I had never known it.

I stopped the car. I put my arms around her.

"I wouldn't want you pretty like Mary Ballue. She had looks, but looks were all she had. No love. No softness. Why settle for a cold pretty woman when you can find someone warm and beautiful? Like you."

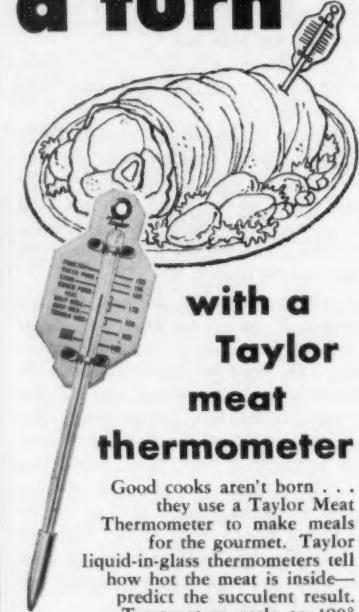
And then I kissed her, and the trembling stopped, and I could tell nothing was bothering her. We came in full darkness to the lake, and the cottage above the shore, and I carried my beautiful wife over the threshold.

That was half a lifetime ago and the music the sleighs made is muted in this new age of jets. And box socials are things of the past, and snow rollers, and the horses that drew them, and Willys-Overlands.

But my wife is still beautiful. That much is unchanged. She is still a girl for a courting sleigh and I'm still a man for one, for we both think young, and our grandchildren tell us we act young.

We haven't been sleighing in twenty years, and the sleigh has been honorably retired to an alcove in the barn. But I swear I've held my breath on many a starry winter's night, and still heard the sound of its bells. ♦

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Good cooks aren't born . . . they use a Taylor Meat Thermometer to make meals for the gourmet. Taylor liquid-in-glass thermometers tell how hot the meat is inside—predict the succulent result. Temperature scale to 190° as recommended by authorities on poultry cooking. Sells at only \$2.69

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57-54

CHATELAINE — FEBRUARY 1958

CHATELAINE'S INVITATION TO BEAUTY

So! You're NOT heading south . . .



BY VIVIAN WILCOX

... try these three ways to February beauty . . . at home . . . now

FEBRUARY! It's the drabbest, worst-to-get-through month of our long Canadian winter. Here then are those pickups guaranteed to put you vividly back in the beauty picture now—a new hairdo, a new face, a new figure.



The **hairdo** is brand-new — influenced by Italian, bouffant and flapper hairstyles. It's a heart shape, curving wide at the temples. You'll find it simpler to set than most styles (use upstanding pin curls). At left, we show one way to arrange it. Another (fine for the grey-haired woman) is sketched on page 48. Both styles were created by Toronto stylist Gus Caruso. On page 48, too, you'll find complete instructions for cutting, setting and combing.

Try the vivid look: bunch your cheeks (a smile will do it), and on the bouncy part (and over your foundation) apply three tiny dots of cream or liquid rouge in an inverted triangle. Smooth upward, outward. Fade the edges of color with a tissue. Next, apply eye shadow—gently—from centre of eyelid to outer corner close to the lashes. Blend carefully, drawing the faintest color in an upward, outward sweep toward the eyebrow. With green or blue eye shadow, wear mascara to match for continuity and depth of color, a flattering effect.



Be trim for the chemise. If you've succumbed to the sack (see page 20) emphasis will be on slim hips and trim legs. Here are two exercises to start now — and do each and every day. (1) For hips and derrière, sit on floor, legs and arms straight out in front. Stretch one heel, then the other as far ahead as possible by edging hips forward. "Walk" across the floor in this way once, then across again, going backward.

(2) For neat thighs and calves, lightly hold the back of a chair with one hand, balance on your toes and slowly lower to a deep knee-bend—but don't squat on heels. Rise slowly—and repeat a dozen times.

More exposure below the hemline means regular dates with your depilatory. Once a week for the razor or cream types; every two weeks with the wax variety. For smooth skin beneath your nylons apply hand cream generously after bath, shower and after using your depilatory.

Add a final sparkle with some springlike fragrance . . . lily of the valley, violets — or a floral bouquet that suggests a handful of freshly picked spring flowers.

How to set your new hairstyle, page 48



"Want to fix up your house?

The BNS can help you."

MARY ROBERTS knows what she's talking about, because she and her husband have gone to their local BNS manager for friendly, practical help.

Your BNS manager can do more than help you arrange for a low-cost Home Improvement Loan. Whether you've got your heart set on redecorating . . . adding a room . . . or repairing the roof, he'll help tailor the terms to your own situation. This means getting the most for your money without unduly straining your budget.

Of course, you can consult your BNS neighbourhood manager on many other matters besides home improvement. For useful advice, whether you are planning for your child's education or this summer's vacation, you'll find he's a good man to see. And his friendly counsel is just one of many BNS services.

Is your banking service complete?

Want your 1958 Christmas shopping money ready ahead of time? Tuck away a few dollars every payday in a separate BNS Christmas Gift Account. Are you paying bills by cash? Save time and keep a record of major purchases—pay by mail with a BNS Personal Chequing Account. Wondering where your money goes? With the exclusive BNS Personal Security Programme—the guaranteed way to save—you can plan your spending by planning your saving. Keeping valuable papers at home? There's no risk of fire or theft if they are in BNS safekeeping or in a BNS Safety Deposit Box. Planning a trip? You can't lose your money with BNS Travellers Cheques.

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Specially formulated for babies! Breaks up phlegm—eases wheezing.

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CHATELAINE SAYS MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

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2374: For Easter—a suit with the new silhouette that glides easily past the waistline (could also be belted). The jacket features notched revers, slit openings at side seams, long or three-quarter sleeves. The slim skirt has twin pleats at the back. Make it in a tweed fabric—wool, rayon, silk or a blend. Fill the neckline with chiffon or a froth of dotted veiling. Sizes 12 to 42, 50 cents.

*Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer, or from the Pattern Department,
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"Click-Change"!...the new refill case! That Elizabeth Arden. Never satisfied. Endlessly fussing to make things better. Now she's really done it. Dreamed up "New Fashion", the new color that adds a lively glow to the quiet beiges and browns...ignites the classic blacks! Here it is in Click-Change, the refill case that saves tempers and money. One twist and the used lipstick clicks out. Another twist and the refill clicks in. No messy hands. No scooping out. No squeezing in. Try "New Fashion", the new color created with that rich, creamy texture, so lasting, so lustrous, so gentle to the lips, so exclusively Elizabeth Arden. in Click-Change, the new lipstick.

Click-Change lipstick in New Fashion red, \$2.00. Click-Change refill, \$1.25

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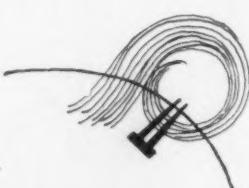
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Try this beauty-plus hairdo

Continued from page 45

The plus—it's simpler than most to set and keep

CUTTING: We advise this be done by a professional (take along these sketches). Hair should be about 1½ inches long at nape of neck, ½ inch below earlobes at sides, 2½ to 3 inches long on top . . . for long bangs or for smoothing back off the forehead.



Setting: (Use a light lotion.) Both setting and combing depend on the natural incline of your hair. Comb it back un-parted, gently shake your head. Beginning at *centre front*, make large standing curls (see sketch) all over the top of your head, securing them inside with a clip. Roll these curls on your finger in the direction your hair falls, whether to right or left. For the *sides*, turn several flat pin curls toward the face, setting above each ear. From the *crown of your head* almost to the neckline, make standing curls (like the ones on top) turning them back and downward. *Right at the neck* where hair is weaker, set two rows of flat pin curls in the direction your hair naturally grows. By now, your whole head is covered with curls. If you wear a net, tuck a little cotton inside each standing curl so it won't crush (or use rollers instead of clips if you wish).



Brushing: When hair is dry and clips removed, gently brush it all back (see right). Don't worry if it seems to remove the curl. You'll find the hair still has body and bounce, is not sleeked to the head.



Backcombing: This is the trick that puts puff into the style—affords the arrangement you want: At top and sides take strands of hair about 3 inches wide between your fingers and comb the underside downward toward the scalp with short, brief strokes. This needs a little practice but is well worth mastering. Strands will curve into loose puffs or curls. Arrange puffs to give width at the temples (see sketch page 45) and comb just the top hair lightly for smoothness. Separate the bangs with fingers or end of a curl-comb to make a soft fernlike effect, bringing side hair forward and down, over the ears. For the grey-hair style, sketched above, comb front hair up and back in smooth curves. Sweep side hair toward the back, using your fingers to dent in a wave. Leave hair at the crown bouncy but smooth, pressing into soft waves if you wish—but don't flatten. The heart shape is repeated at the back when you smooth hair at the nape into a V. The joy of this short-cut style, set with standing curls, is that it is easy to do, stays in better than the longer, rigidly set styles. It can be varied each time you comb it — remembering to let the hair follow its own natural tendency. ♦



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. . . because the perfect purity of glass cannot alter the contents—and clean, pure glass forms an impenetrable barrier against outside contamination. That's why the protection of precious drugs can best be entrusted to glass. Scientists know that life-preserving drugs, like so many other things we depend on, keep extra safe in glass.

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Half boulevard,
half legend;
old enough to know Maison-neuve,
long enough to span Montreal Island, and every inch a lady—if not always discreet.
This is a candid portrait of the Grand Duchess of Canadian streets—one in Maclean's
"Streets of Canada" series

MONTREAL'S Sherbrooke street

as seen by PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

In the February 1 issue / at all newsstands January 23

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE—A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

In the February 15 issue / at all newsstands February 6

A NOTED DOCTOR TALKS ABOUT Alcohol and tranquilizers

In spite of advanced research, alcoholism has doubled in the last ten years. Dr. Gordon Bell, one of Canada's foremost authorities on the problems of alcoholism and drug addiction, takes a frank look at this grave problem. Are we really winning the fight against alcoholism? ... Read what this doctor says.



BUY A NEW FACE

Continued from page 12

cosmetic surgeon is most often called on to fix. A change of nose means one to two hours, under local anaesthetic, on the operating table, three to five days in hospital, a week in a cast and about a month of self-consciousness over a slightly swollen feature.

Where ears are the villain, they're usually the "dumbo" or "batwing" variety. This deformity (like a harelip) tends to be hereditary. It's not uncommon for mother and daughter to be patients in the same hospital after the same operation for repositioning their ears closer to their heads. Since ears are notoriously early-maturing, satisfactory cosmetic results are achieved on preschool children and their parents alike.

Similarly, facial scars or birthmarks can be removed early or late. Small scars or so-called "port-wine" stains are simply excised. The larger variety must be replaced with a skin graft, the edges of which are sometimes tattooed with flesh-colored paints for better blending with the surrounding skin. For complexions scarred during that tragedy of adolescence, acne, surgical sandpaper in the hands of a plastic surgeon can often undo a great deal of damage both to the skin and spirit of a young woman.

Older women who can afford the luxury of a face lift often also indulge themselves in a romanticized explanation of their radiant new look. More than a few Canadian matrons prefer to have their operations in the U.S. on their way south for holidays, rather than right at home. "That way," a Toronto plastic surgeon remarks without rancor, "they come back looking refreshed from their holiday."

How long the effect of a face lift lasts depends a great deal on the natural texture and firmness of your skin. Sir Harold Gillies, the British plastic surgeon, recalls "one rubber face, a Lady X, who insisted on a lift every six months. Following each lift she looked marvelous for three weeks, then dropped back. She was beginning to look like a Chinese dance-hall hostess when I refused and she stalked off to spoil some other surgeon's reputation."

Even those women whose skin hasn't Lady X's elasticity are warned by Gillies that they'll need a second operation in eighteen months "to keep a good result." He can reassure them all, however, that there is no chance their faces will be worse "when the drop comes." "You will be just so much the better and always one jump ahead of your years," he reiterates happily in his new two-volume work, *The Principles and Art of Plastic Surgery*.

Five years is a reasonable life expectancy for a face lift. Since the operation involves drawing back the skin toward the ears (after it has been undermined through incisions), then cutting off excess skin and firmly mooring the new look, the woman who has several face lifts inevitably becomes a little slant-eyed. The scars, however, are forever concealed by her hair.

Scars from cosmetic breast surgery also are inconspicuous. But the harmful effects of trying to increase the breasts are sometimes far from slight. Despite the warnings of such eminent members of the profession as Dr. Lyndon Peer of

Newark, New Jersey, a few U.S. surgeons—and more than a few women—continue to risk serious infection from synthetic plastic materials implanted between the bosom and chest wall.

According to Sir Harold Gillies, "the most certain and permanent method" of increasing breast proportions is the kind of uncomfortably slow (and expensive) procedure that most women don't willingly undergo: a skin graft by means of a tubular stalk of tissue from another part of the body, abdomen or buttocks. A series of about four operations is accomplished in approximately a year.

Breast reduction, which is about a four-hour operation, is comparatively quick and simple. But in either case, Gillies always enquires into the patient's motives. Candidates for cosmetic breast surgery, as for facial repairs, need to be screened for symptoms of emotional disturbance.

Parental attitudes toward disfigurement can help or handicap the plastic surgeon in his treatment of young patients. Very often the parents, not the patients, expect pure magic from the surgeon's skill. They are all disappointed. Just as misguided are the parents who treat a child's distress at her disfigurement as merely a symptom of an overdeveloped vanity or, at the other extreme, as an incurable affliction. In so doing, they can plant scars on the child's personality that may be more difficult to remove later on than the physical defect itself.

A fourteen-year-old girl was brought by her mother to the office of a Toronto plastic surgeon to arrange for changes to a conspicuously ugly nose. The girl's dissatisfaction with her appearance, not ill-health, as her parents guessed, was at the root of her lack of interest in games and parties.

After a successful cosmetic operation during summer holidays from school, the girl went back to the ninth grade, comfortable enough with her appearance to cope with the social as well as the academic side of high-school life. A bobbed nose was the best present her parents could have given her.

The medical profession has come to realize, largely through the tragic experience of the two world wars, that physical disfigurement, whether or not it involves physical function, places a strain on the individual's ability to adjust to ordinary living. He lives, as it were, with a visible insult. And he deserves help.

Before the Second World War, plastic surgeons were in short supply in the nation's two largest medical centres (no more than half a dozen were distributed between Montreal and Toronto) and nonexistent outside of those cities.

Now, Toronto alone has some fifteen specialists certified by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada—more plastic surgeons per capita than any other city in the world. Regina and Saskatoon both have resident plastic surgeons. The rest of the forty are concentrated in Montreal, Vancouver and Winnipeg. The same large medical centres also have the services of ear, nose and throat specialists with training in the cosmetic side of facial surgery.

More and more Canadians are becoming aware of what help is available in their own country. Cosmetic surgery has made dramatic progress in the last twenty years. But miracles are still outside the plastic surgeon's province. And patients who expect miracles are beyond his help. ♦

THEY TOLD ME MY CHILD WAS RETARDED

Continued from page 13

around my neck from behind and looking round into my face for her share of attention, I am thrilled. When she says "es" and nods her head we run up a flag, because although for a long time now we have been able to tell her things, it is a recent development that she answers back. She loves pretty clothes and helps to dress herself. She likes her brother best to play with and she minds her nanny better than she minds me.

Finding Margaret has been a lonely battle so far, and it has certainly been a costly one. Although our income is better than average—my husband, Eric, is an engraver and I work as a legal secretary—we have had to put off home-buying year after year. We gave up the car years ago. We live, with Margaret and our other two children, Peter and Chris, in a four-room duplex. Doctors' bills for hearing tests, eye tests and other services have taken their toll. Extras like glasses, replacing the items that Margaret breaks (TV repairs last time—forty dollars), taxi fares, special toys and records take another bite. The rest of my earnings go to pay for the invaluable help of a full-time nanny. If Margaret costs us a fortune we still consider ourselves lucky. What parents of a "retarded" child would not give their all if they knew that in the end their child would grow up normal?

Margaret was very different from our two boys even as an infant. They were friendly and cuddly. She was colicky and hated being held. Margaret never looked into my face. She did not smile until she was six months old, and then she smiled only to herself. She laughed alone in the dark at night.

Her solitary laughter made me uneasy but it never occurred to me that there was really anything wrong with her. I actually took a kind of pride in her lofty independence. But I had guilty doubts that I should ever love this cold little girl as I did Chris and Peter.

I had always liked to check the boys' development with Gesell's Infant and Child in the Culture of Today. In this book, Gesell shows minute charts of normal infant growth. Margaret either did not do things at the normal age or did them very differently. She crept before sitting, instead of afterward. She would not stand at the normal age, even with help, but she could turn pages in a book months before the usual age. I stopped comparing her with Gesell's charts. I didn't doubt Margaret but I began to doubt Gesell. Such stuff are mothers made of.

Our pediatrician put an end to our complacency when he first suggested the terrifying possibility of mental retardation. Margaret was then twelve months old and strikingly indifferent to people.

We spent the next few months in suspense, always on the lookout for signs that the doctor could be wrong. At fifteen months she fed herself expertly with a spoon once. She showed that she could associate in her mind pictures and matching objects by pointing from one to the other. We doubted that a really retarded child could do such things at those ages.

My husband Eric spent time with her every day playing a game of "Up and

Choice of colors; Coral Pink, Mist Green, Dawn Yellow, all White.



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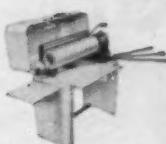
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Down!" while crouching down and jumping up at her cribside. Margaret loved the pantomime and for the first time laughed with a person and imitated him.

Encouraged by these signs we asked for a definite diagnosis when she was eighteen months old. We were sure that her real problem would be revealed in examinations. The doctor told me the result on the telephone: IQ—50, ineducable.

We mourned her—a child without a future. The fact that she was beautiful seemingly made it harder to bear. Margaret was left to herself. For hours on end I would sit and look at her in her high chair, trying to fathom what lay behind her bland smile and her elaborate finger play. Whatever relationship we had tentatively built up with her was now broken. It was many, many months before her father resumed playing with her or could bring himself to believe that there was any hope for her.

I could only cry over her, but I couldn't accept the verdict. On an impulse I telephoned the psychologist at the hospital who had done the IQ test to see what she really thought of Margaret. She mentioned that Margaret had been unable to respond to any tests involving spoken directions. Suddenly I realized that I could not remember seeing Margaret startled by a noise.

Hopeful once again, we made an appointment with a children's hearing clinic where Margaret was exposed to many sounds. Only a very intense sound made her look around, and this was a fairly reliable indication that her hearing was not good. We were given instructions to deal with the deafness. We must not use gestures. We must get her to look at our faces instead, and use speech.

In the next few months Margaret continued to develop strange mannerisms which became fixed—balancing objects on her thumb, poking her fingers into holes, laughing and playing with shadows. A pall of discouragement settled over us and I began to read books on abnormal children as a steady diet.

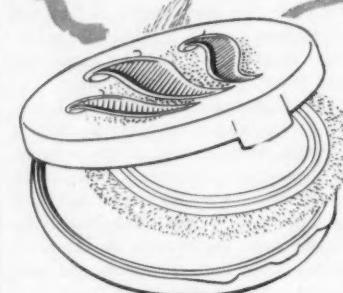
I studied Development Diagnosis, Gesell and Amatruda's book on children who are not normal, searching for an explanation of Margaret's odd ways which were not typical of deaf children, particularly her head-tilting, the mannerism which made her own doctor insist that she was mentally defective.

Gesell marked it as a symptom of poor vision among children, along with finger play, looking at their own hands, failing to reach out for things. We took her to an eye specialist who told us that she had been extremely shortsighted since birth and could hardly see past her own nose. For months we had been trying to get her to read lips while she slipped farther and farther away from us. She was, by then, two years old.

She was due for another hearing test. When the ear specialist tested her this time, Margaret was so withdrawn that she did not respond to any sounds at all. We were told that Margaret only seemed deaf because she was retarded.

Although naturally we wanted Margaret to learn to lip-read if she were deaf, and learn to use normal speech, not sign language, we decided to disregard all the formal instructions we had received and just try again to "get through to her" by any means. But now she was less conscious of the world about her than a little kitten would be. She was entirely mute, except for a few baby sounds she made to herself. Her head was down all

a touch
of magic



Feather Finish

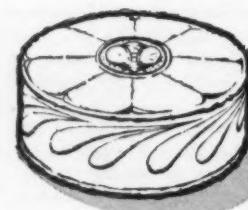
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the ideal start, always begin with
Yardley Complexion Powder.
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the time. She would spend hours examining some little object. She laughed and played with her own shadow.

She disliked interference so much that she would no longer let me feed her and would take her baby foods only from the bottle. Family routine meant nothing to her. She would not sleep at night and could not be kept awake in the daytime. Any attempts to get her to eat, to go to the toilet, to stay in bed at night or to stay awake in the daytime resulted in head-banging tantrums. Her little face was covered with bruises, the visible marks of her frustration.

Our next step was to take her to a neuropsychiatrist. To my surprise he backed me up in not giving up hope. He felt that her first need was to have glasses to improve her contact with the world. He said you couldn't assess a two-year-old's intelligence if the child couldn't see or hear. I had been thinking of going to work and hiring someone to look after Margaret. He thought the change would do us both good and might make Margaret more aware of people.

In the next few days, I took the first job I found. Getting a job so quickly boosted my bedraggled morale. In the week left before reporting for work I advertised for a nanny.

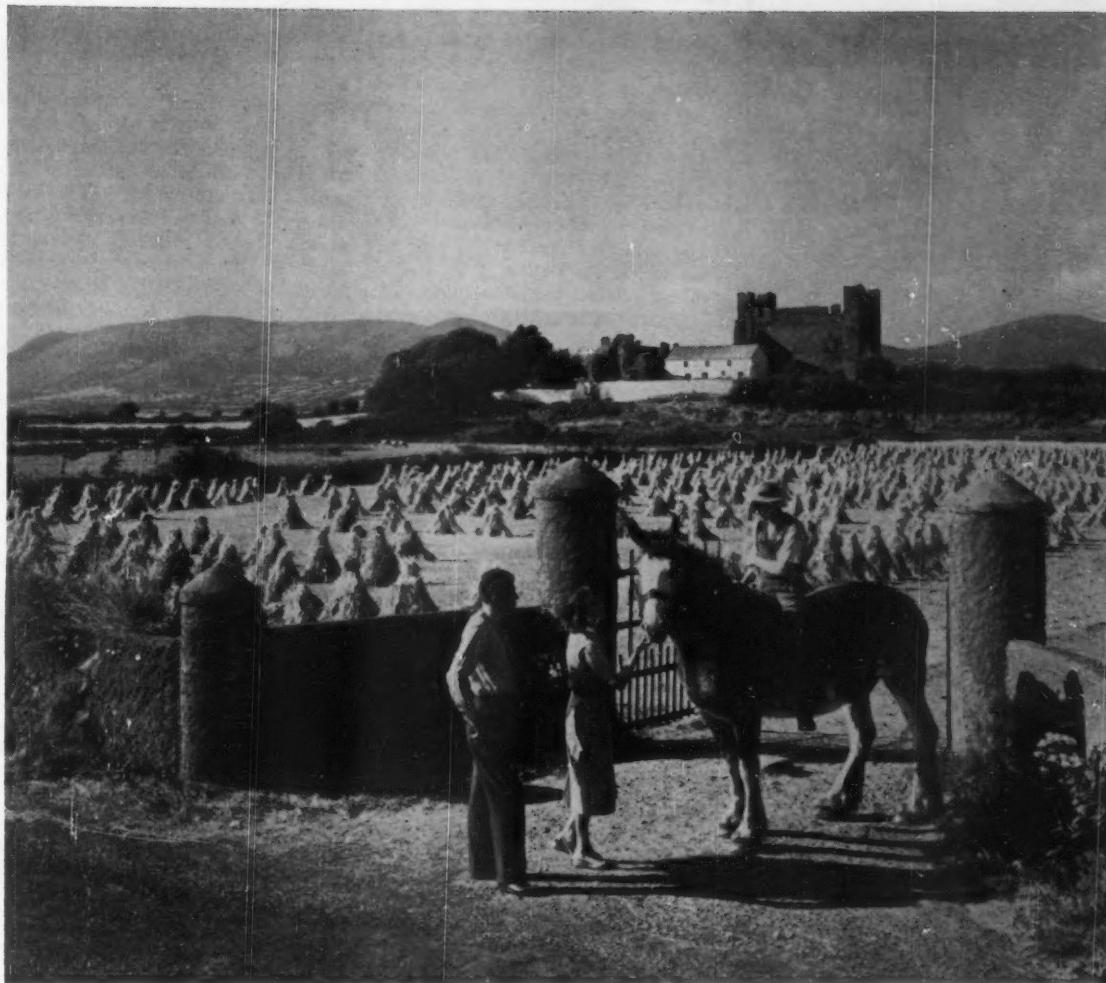
One of the applicants was an experienced Scottish woman, Mrs. Craig. I explained Margaret's problem to her as best I could, not minimizing any of it. "I think I could be interested in the wee girl," was all she would say. She didn't promise anything more than that. I had failed so thoroughly myself, I didn't interfere with her management, letting her confident, affectionate attitude work its own power. She was firm and patient in routine situations, such as spoon-feeding and dressing. She was playful in teaching Margaret to overcome her fears.

Fear of falling had put an end to Margaret's walking which she had begun to do at twenty-three months. Many more months were needed to overcome this extraordinary fear. Margaret would stiffen and scream when lifted off the floor. We bought a swing-and-glider in the spring with some of my new earnings. We had moved to a lower duplex which, though smaller, had its own fenced-in garden. Margaret soon took to the glider with the help of Peter, then aged five. She would fly through the air on it, shedding her fear, and laughing for the second time in her life in a normal situation.

Still believing that she was deaf, when Margaret was two and a half I went to visit the day school for the deaf in our city. I wondered desperately if we could get Margaret so far out of her shell in the next six months that she too would be willing to play with other children, take part in the circle and learn from a teacher. She never made gestures or showed in any way a desire to tell us anything.

About this time, I heard of the John Tracy Correspondence Course for work with little deaf children at home. It is a course of twelve monthly lessons. On the application, when I came to the question of the "cause of deafness," I reluctantly stated the doctors' opinions. I received an encouraging letter from the director of the course, Mrs. Montague.

The first part of the course is object and picture matching — spoon, glasses, cup, balloon, etc. — with pictures, or symbols of the objects. Margaret was fascinated by these lessons and did them



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well but she refused to take the next step of lip-reading the word.

Mrs. Montague cheered us on in her letters and these did us more good in a way than the course itself. She urged us to lose no opportunity to use the correct words to Margaret in every situation, not just in the lessons. "That's your ball! Give Peter the ball! Peter gives the ball to Margaret!" our youngest son would say, enjoying the repetition himself. We praised him for his efforts so that he would not be too jealous of the special attention Margaret was getting. Eric tried, too. He began to believe in Margaret again.

Mrs. Craig, meanwhile, gave Margaret walking lessons every day. In the spring we had at last got Margaret to accept her glasses. Perhaps this gave her confidence. One day I came home from the office to find Margaret walking to meet me. Her head was up at last and at the same time she smiled into my face. This was an isolated moment and Margaret continued to ignore faces during lessons or when spoken to. School was only a month off.

In September we took her to the school hearing clinic. Margaret investigated every nook and corner, she climbed into the audiometrist's lap. "Don't let anyone tell you this child is retarded!" the audiometrist said. She played records for Margaret. She offered her the earphones. But Margaret moved away from all sound and apparently heard nothing. Her attention was so fleeting that she was still not ready for school. We were told to train her to listen if she had any hearing at all by playing loud band music at home and getting her to march to it.

The next day I brought home and unwrapped the Duke of York Slow March, put it on and turned up the volume. I took Margaret's hand and she fell into step at once to the drums. It was with a thrill of triumph that the boys and I marched up and down the room with Margaret in the lead, keeping time.

We shopped for toys with a noise—bells, chimes, a Teddy bear that squeaked. It was soon noticeable that Margaret heard and enjoyed the sounds.

We had been giving her this auditory play for about one month and the Tracy lessons—including talking to her constantly—for about eight months when an astonishing thing happened. Margaret was exactly three when the auditory wall was suddenly breached and a flood of understanding came through to her.

For several days Mrs. Craig had been telling her to "go and get your shoes," then taking her by the hand to the bedroom and pointing to them. On her third birthday, Margaret obeyed this command without being shown. I could hardly believe my eyes. Later in the day, after a nap, she came into the kitchen in her stocking feet. "Go and get your shoes," said Mrs. Craig. Off went Margaret only to return without them. Twice more she was sent back by a spoken command and returned empty-handed. Never expecting an answer, Mrs. Craig said, "Where are your shoes, Margaret?" In complete desperation Margaret shook her head and replied, "I don't know!"

After that day, when Eric or I said, "Your bath is ready," Margaret went to the bathroom毫不犹豫地. She danced to the sound of Mrs. Craig's voice, a few feet away. She replied in a singing tone when asked to sing. Again she attempted speech, saying "Go bed" after me. In other ways her behavior went steadily up. On her good days, it was no longer un-

usual for her to look at our faces and smile. She would ask for a drink of water by making a drinking sound.

She went up and down stairs using alternate feet (according to the Vineland Social Maturity Scale, an impossible task for a retarded child of her age). After a too-hot bath once, she would always feel her bath water before getting in. She showed that she remembered a friend whom she had not seen for several months. She rode pickaback on Peter all around the house and played caboose to his engine. She would not touch Chris's books when he said "No" and otherwise showed herself amenable to restraints.

Still, all was not well. Often she would place my hand on the doorknob to be taken out to the swing, then place my hands around her waist to be lifted onto it, not looking at me as she did so. She continued to turn from faces much too frequently. She smiled to herself instead of responding when we spoke to her. She still amused herself by examining tiny objects, rocked from side to side, or sat looking at her hands. Speech was very rare, yet it was impossible to believe any longer that her muteness was caused by deafness.

I began to worry again. She would certainly never be ready for the deaf nursery class. She was not deaf. What kind of school would she ever be ready for?

I went back to the neuropsychiatrist's office with Margaret and a sheaf of notes on her new hearing ability. The doctor explained to me about infantile autism—an extreme emotional disturbance which causes the child to be isolated, absorbed in fantasy, and not interested in reality. A most typical feature of it is disregard of persons and their voices. The child treats persons like objects—using their hands as tools, for example, to open a door. They treat objects like persons, laughing and playing with shadows. He suggested that she may not have been born that way, but may have become that way because of her poor sight.

What could we do about it? We had already done a great deal with little professional help. Most Canadian cities have no facilities for emotionally handicapped children, but there is a small day-centre in our city where children like Margaret are given therapy. Each child has his own therapist who works to establish communication so that the child will be prepared to go to public school.

A month ago there was one vacancy. Two children needed the place, Margaret and another four-year-old. The staff was forced to make the difficult decision. Margaret was not chosen.

We are still searching for help. We feel that Margaret's future is a good deal brighter than it might have been had she been born fifteen years ago. Before 1940, her condition might not have been recognized and children like her usually spent their lives in mental institutions. Today, if they are lucky, these hidden children are being discovered earlier and their intelligence unlocked by treatment.

There are many thousands of Canadian children suffering from some form of emotional disturbance. Very few day-treatment centres are available and children who need residential treatment are still waiting for children's hospitals. "The business of childhood is development," says Gewell. Time is not on the side of the emotionally disturbed child. That is why there is no time for hands folded in despair. ♦

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YOU CAN BE YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE

Continued from page 10

which is always present in the blood, form in the walls of the arteries, and may gradually clog or narrow the pipelines of your body. Usually the deposits are patchy. If they block the flow of blood to the brain, they will produce a stroke or senility; and if they block the heart arteries they will cause coronary heart disease, the number-one killer in Canada.

One group of expert medical opinion maintains that it is because we in North America eat so much fat, especially in foods such as butter, ice cream, cheese, eggs, that it is the main health problem and cause of death. This group now seems to be losing ground to other well-qualified experts, who refuse to accept the theory that our high fat consumption alone makes us so subject to the disease. Exercise, or the lack of it, heredity, stress and worry, have all been demonstrated to have an effect on the cholesterol level in the blood.

Dr. E. W. McHenry, Professor of Nutrition at the University of Toronto, points out that it has been shown that although people in Mississippi and California, for example, eat about the same amount of fat, highly urbanized California has twice the incidence of coronary heart disease as more rural Mississippi. Dr. McHenry hopes that we are now getting away from "the hysteria about low-fat diets." In some cases, cutting down drastically on fats has actually caused harm.

It seems possible that it is not the butter alone that does the damage—but the fact that you do not churn the butter by hand on your farm and walk with it to market. Instead, you are jostled in a crowded supermarket as you buy it, drive home through snarled city traffic, and eat it as you lounge in front of TV in your living room.

Probably the simplest thing you can do if you want to stop growing old too soon is to eat less. Opinions may still differ on the causes of atherosclerosis, but on one thing all the experts are agreed—we are eating too much. An estimated twenty-five percent of the North American population is too fat.

If you are overweight you will grow older much faster, because your heart has to do more work; and you are more likely to develop heart disease, high blood pressure, diabetes, arthritis of the knees, and back troubles than those of normal weight. If you can keep your weight at the ideal level for you at the age of twenty-five, you will have a great advantage over those people who allow their weight to creep up. "It's that middle-aged spread that does the damage," according to Dr. E. A. Keenleyside, Medical Director in Toronto of the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

The time to start the fight against overweight and premature aging is in childhood. You don't inherit your tendency to put on weight, but you do pick up your eating habits, your likes and dislikes, from your family. It is in childhood that you acquire your prejudices—"orange juice causes rheumatism" or "cheese is indigestible"—and these notions become fixed in elderly people. You learn to eat too much if Mother is a

good cook and feels pride and satisfaction if her family eats heavily of her cakes and pies. Don't encourage your children to eat more than they want or need—you can kill them by kindness.

As far as is known at present, there are no special diets which will ward off old age. The best thing you can do is to eat three good meals a day, based on the simple well-publicized rules for a balanced diet; don't eat more than you need; and forget about food fads.

One of the first signs that we are "getting old" is that we find our bodies growing less flexible: but most of us allow this to happen when it need not. "You lose what you don't use," says Lloyd Percival, Director of Sports College, Toronto. Joints and muscles must be used—too much rest makes joints rusty and muscles must be exercised to make them strong. "As soon as you stop running," says Percival, "you begin to deteriorate physically." And you probably stopped running in high school.

In many European countries, in Australia and New Zealand, the whole family swims, skis or climbs at the weekend. In North America you aren't encouraged to take any kind of exercise, so you settle down, and your ligaments become stiff with disuse. Any unaccustomed physical effort you do make is an effort. Next time you are even less inclined to run or dance. "I must be getting old, better watch myself," you say.

LITTLE PARABLE

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Who keeps his eyes upon a star,
Serene and beautiful and far,
May stumble on a stone and fall.
And he whose eyes are on the dirt
Will miss the star and walk unhurt.
We have to choose: no one has all.

Sports College has found, in its extensive fitness testing, that the average Canadian is older than his actual chronological age. That is, if you were thirty-three on your last birthday you are probably nearer forty-two in your physical age. Women are much fitter than men, though, until they reach the late forties or early fifties—the age when women no longer have to carry their children around, have more labor-saving appliances to help them, and maybe their own car to go shopping.

Fortunately, the human body has extraordinary power to recover its flexibility and muscular strength. A group of 109 men and women aged from 27 to 49, who led generally sedentary lives, were started on a basic program of seven exercises by Sports College last year. At the end of six months they all claimed that they slept and worked better, and that they felt younger and brighter. A careful check showed that in fact their bodies were younger and more flexible than before.

"The best way to find the fountain of youth," says Lloyd Percival, "would be to go into the country and look for it, climb up every hill and seek it on the other side—as long as you don't go in a car."

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The first alarm signal that tells a woman her youth is beginning to slip away is usually a tiny line or wrinkle. Whether your skin will age early or late depends first, on the type of skin you were born with and secondly, on where you live. As you grow older, the oil glands atrophy and the cushion of fat beneath the skin shrinks, so that your skin thins and dries—and wrinkles. If you have a naturally oily skin you are more fortunate than your dry-skinned sister, who will "show her age" more quickly.

Our climate, with its hot summers and cold dry winters, most of which we spend in overheated rooms, dries our skin prematurely. Face creams are worth while and useful, says a Toronto skin specialist, because at the very least they save what you have. Unless you massage them in well they are usually not absorbed by the skin, but rub off and evaporate. In doing so, however, they prevent the natural oils of your skin from being rubbed off and evaporating. Don't use too much soap and water, particularly in winter—they will dry your skin still more. You will help to keep it smooth and supple if you step up the A and D vitamins in your diet during the cold weather (they are found in fish oils, liver, milk and eggs; yellow vegetables, especially carrots; and green vegetables, especially spinach).

In summertime, remember that too much enthusiasm for acquiring a suntan will age your skin very quickly. Grandma wisely sheltered her complexion beneath her parasol. When your glowing color fades in the fall, you find a legacy of parched skin and new lines around your eyes.

As our skins show age and our bodies become less flexible, so do our minds. We all recognize an increasing rigidity of personality in ourselves as we grow older—or at least in our friends and parents. Watch yourself for signs that you are getting "set in your ways."

Are you finding it more difficult to make new friends, try new foods? Do you get upset if you don't get your tea at the usual hour, served in the usual way? Do you brush away a new idea as nonsense? This is not the onset of senility, which is due to the death of brain tissues. It is something we have learned by unhappy experience. A child's curiosity leads him to explore everything, to open every box, climb the highest tree, feel pride and pleasure in each new thing he learns; but he fails so often that gradually he becomes afraid to explore and experiment, and prefers to stick to familiar things. If we are hurt by the loss of one friend, we will tend to draw away from other people and keep them at arm's length.

The fear of new people and things taught to us by failure is hard to unlearn, and it often ages our minds faster than our bodies, according to Dr. L. F. Koyl, Chairman of the Committee on Aging of the Health League of Canada. How can we prevent this? To begin with, says Dr. Koyl, our educational system is at fault. Instead of making a fetish of conformity and mediocrity, our teachers must train children to enjoy creating things and ideas, and to be proud of the difference between them and their mates produced by their skills. Teach your children to be as stimulated by failure as by success. Failure should be merely another puzzle to solve, not a devastating affair to run away from.

For yourself—get out and meet new

people and ideas, take courses, read new books, try a new place for your holiday next year, do what brings you pleasure, but keep your mind alive. It just isn't true that "you can't teach an old dog new tricks." Recent studies have shown that there is no reduction in the capacity to learn up until the time that senility sets in. Clara Barton, who founded the American Red Cross at sixty-one, learned to type at eighty-nine.

A lively and adventuresome mind, along with a body kept strong and supple, will help you to withstand the small everyday stresses as well as the greater worries and periods of grief in your life. The varied activity, and your refusal to settle into a routine grind, will help to equalize stress throughout your being. "The human body—like the tires on a car or the rug on a floor—wears longest when it wears evenly," says Dr. Selye in *The Stress of Life*. "We can do ourselves a great deal of good in this respect by just yielding to our natural cravings for variety in everyday life."

We die because one vital part of the body has worn out early, and not because all the organs of the body have worn out at the same time just by having been used too long. Dr. Koyl and Dr. Selye say that they have never seen anyone yet who died of "old age."

"Our great hope for the future," says Dr. Koyl, "is to make more people live more comfortably and happily for longer periods of time. Sometime in the distant future, we may be able to help most people live as long as their body structure will permit. They may then fade away as parts of their bodies die bit by bit, each cell too old to reproduce and too old to survive. This method of dying is a long time from us. In the meantime we've got a lot to do to patch up what we've got."

It seems as though the new preventive medicine will depend, not on what is provided for us, as cleaner streets, safer milk, vaccination and antibiotics have been, but on each of us accepting responsibility for our own health and moderating our own behavior in regard to diet, exercise, and our whole way of life.

The advice given long ago to the ancient Greeks, "Nothing in excess," and more recently by Swift, "The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman," and Longfellow:

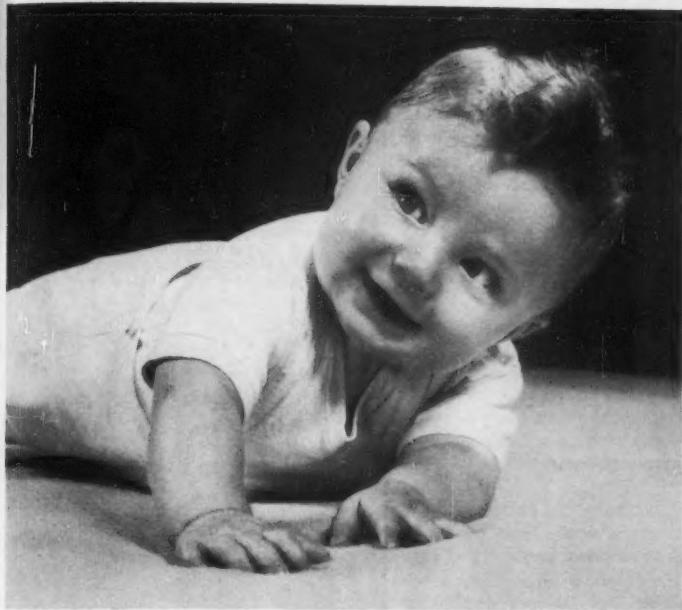
"Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose" still seem to add up to the best recipe for growing old slowly, happily and gracefully. ♦

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Do these exercises with your baby

Special baby exercises — plus the right amount of fresh air — will keep him strong, hungry and happy

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

THREE or four weeks isn't too young to start your baby exercising. Infants need exercise just as much as older youngsters—to develop muscle, improve appetite and relieve tension. Of course your baby gets fine exercise for his lungs and body muscles whenever he cries. Again, whenever you pick him up he wriggles in your arms, and this provides good exercise, too.

Thirty years ago, leading child specialists used to suggest that if a baby didn't cry fifteen to thirty minutes every day, he should be spanked until he did! They don't do that now, thank goodness, because no mother likes to spank a good baby.

But you should start extra exercises as soon as you can—say from three to four weeks, depending on his strength and health. Lay him in the middle of a firm bed or large crib for half an hour every day. Take off all his clothes except his shirt, bootees and diaper. If the room is really warm take off his bootees as well. Most babies quite obviously enjoy this chance to kick their legs and wave their arms about.

More exercises at five months

When he is about five months old you can start other daily exercises to prepare him for crawling and standing. Two of the simplest are: Lay your baby on his back on a blanket on a table with his legs toward you. Grasp his hands with your own and pull him gently up into a sitting position. He

will help all he can and this will exercise his arm, shoulder, neck and abdominal muscles. He'll enjoy the fun, too. Repeat this exercise two or three times, then stop for the day.

For the second exercise, place him in the same position. Then simply grasp both his feet and gently prevent him from moving them. This usually stimulates him to kick all the harder. This exercise, which strengthens his leg muscles, should be kept up for one to two minutes.

It is quite all right to prop babies of this age up in a sitting position, provided they enjoy it. This will help strengthen their back muscles. If they cry or fret, stop for a few weeks then try again.

Get a playpen early

You'd be wise to get your baby a playpen early, say at about five months. Putting him on a rug on the floor isn't so good because there's nothing for him to pull himself up on. I know one baby who got her playpen when she was about six months. She hadn't shown any signs of wanting even to sit up until then. The second day in the pen she pulled herself up and sat. The next day she pulled herself up and stood! The fourth day she started crawling around.

From then on she had a fine time in her pen; the few rattles and rubber toys scattered about stimulated her to go after them. She was ahead of average in development, of course, but

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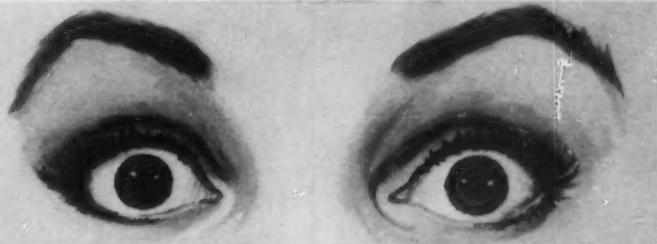
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this true story does show how a pen helps a baby exercise.

When you buy the pen, get one with a floor in it, so you can use it outside in warm weather. Also, it will keep baby off the drafty floor in winter. Get a varnished one — to revarnish for your later children quite safely. The original paint on a painted one is quite safe but, if you want to repaint it, you have to be sure to get paint that does not contain lead and that may be hard to find out. As you know, if a baby chews off lead-containing paint, it can make him very sick. Outdoor paint such as is used on veranda railings is more likely to contain lead than indoor enamels.

Washable pads for the pen floor, with ties at each corner, are very handy and worth the money they cost. Pads to line part of the sides are useful, too, when baby is learning to sit up. He'll be pretty unsteady at first and may bump his head on the unprotected rungs when he topples over.

After your baby has learned to sit, he will learn to stand. Then he has to learn how to sit down again. For a week or more, he's afraid to let go of the rungs and his little legs get more and more wobbly as he gets more and more tired. Finally, he'll cry. When you help him down he stops, but within a few minutes he'll repeat the performance, because he thinks standing up is great fun. It's a little tiresome having to rescue him so often, but eventually he'll screw up enough nerve to let go, although he may get a few bumps before he learns how to do it neatly.

Use a kitchen gate

Some modern mothers have the idea that a playpen is too confining for a baby. Actually, at first, it is really stimulating or expanding for him, and if you buy a big pen he can enjoy it for months. With the sides to hang onto he can practice walking as much as he likes. If you give him a collection of suitable toys—such as a cradle gym tied across the pen, stuffed cotton or rubber dolls, an old tin cup or little saucepan, an old spoon and small brightly colored blocks—he can learn to amuse himself and you know he's safe. In this way he learns to concentrate and to do without your company for part of the day.

Also you'd be wise to train him to play for part of the day in his own room with a gate across the doorway. When you are free, perhaps in the late afternoon, you could let him crawl around the living room where you can watch him.

One precaution that is important in the walking stage is to have a gate that he can't open across the doorway of the kitchen. You should also keep telling him not to go into the kitchen—which is the most dangerous room in the house for a toddler. If you start this rule as soon as he can walk, he will accept it. Of course the kitchen gate is often a nuisance to you, but it is thoroughly worth while to protect your baby.

Fresh air helps a baby sleep soundly and stimulates his appetite. The air should always be fresh when he is sleeping, and the best way to provide this is to open the window, both top and bottom. Use a window board or a blanket tacked across the bottom to prevent a draft blowing in. If for any reason you can't open the window, keep the room door open wide.

If your baby is born in the summer,



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he can sleep outside when he is two weeks old if it is warm. In fact, he should be outdoors as much of the day as possible, unless it is cooler inside. If, however, he arrives during the winter you should be more cautious. Provided he is a normal baby, give him his first indoor airing when he is three or four weeks old.

To do this, dress him in his outdoor clothes and cover him well with bedclothes. Then open his windows wide. Place his crib so that no draft will blow directly on him and close the door. His first airing should last about fifteen minutes. If he responds well—that is if his cheeks become pink and his hands and feet stay warm—you can increase his indoor airing by fifteen minutes each day until he gets an hour daily.

When he is six weeks old he can have his first airing outdoors. Make the first one brief—about fifteen minutes. Then increase it, if all goes well, until he regularly sleeps outside in the daytime.

On what kind of a day should he be kept inside? It is hard to set down definite rules as the climate in Canada varies so widely, but in a damp climate probably he should not be put outside when the temperature falls below 20 degrees F. In dry cold climates, such as are common on the prairies, normal babies often sleep outdoors with advantage when the temperature is well below 20 degrees. You should ask your physician about this.

Generally, whenever it is very wet or very windy, it is wiser to keep him inside

and give him indoor airings instead. Remember that on a sunny winter day when his carriage is placed in the sun, even though his head is shaded by the carriage hood as it should be, the temperature around it is many degrees higher than in the shade, and he can comfortably be outdoors.

As soon as he learns to sit up he needs a good harness while he's airing in his carriage. Some babies, especially if they can watch cars or pedestrians, will stay quite happily in their carriages when they

are awake. However, do remember that they get little exercise when doing this. Bring them in after a little while and let them scramble around in the playpen. A baby who can sit alone comfortably will also enjoy exercising in a jumping chair but it won't take the place of his pen.

At the walking stage he will exercise quite hard and also thoroughly enjoy a rocking horse. Of course push-or-pull toys are also fine. Once he's walking well he's generally so active he'll get all the exercise he needs on his own. ♦

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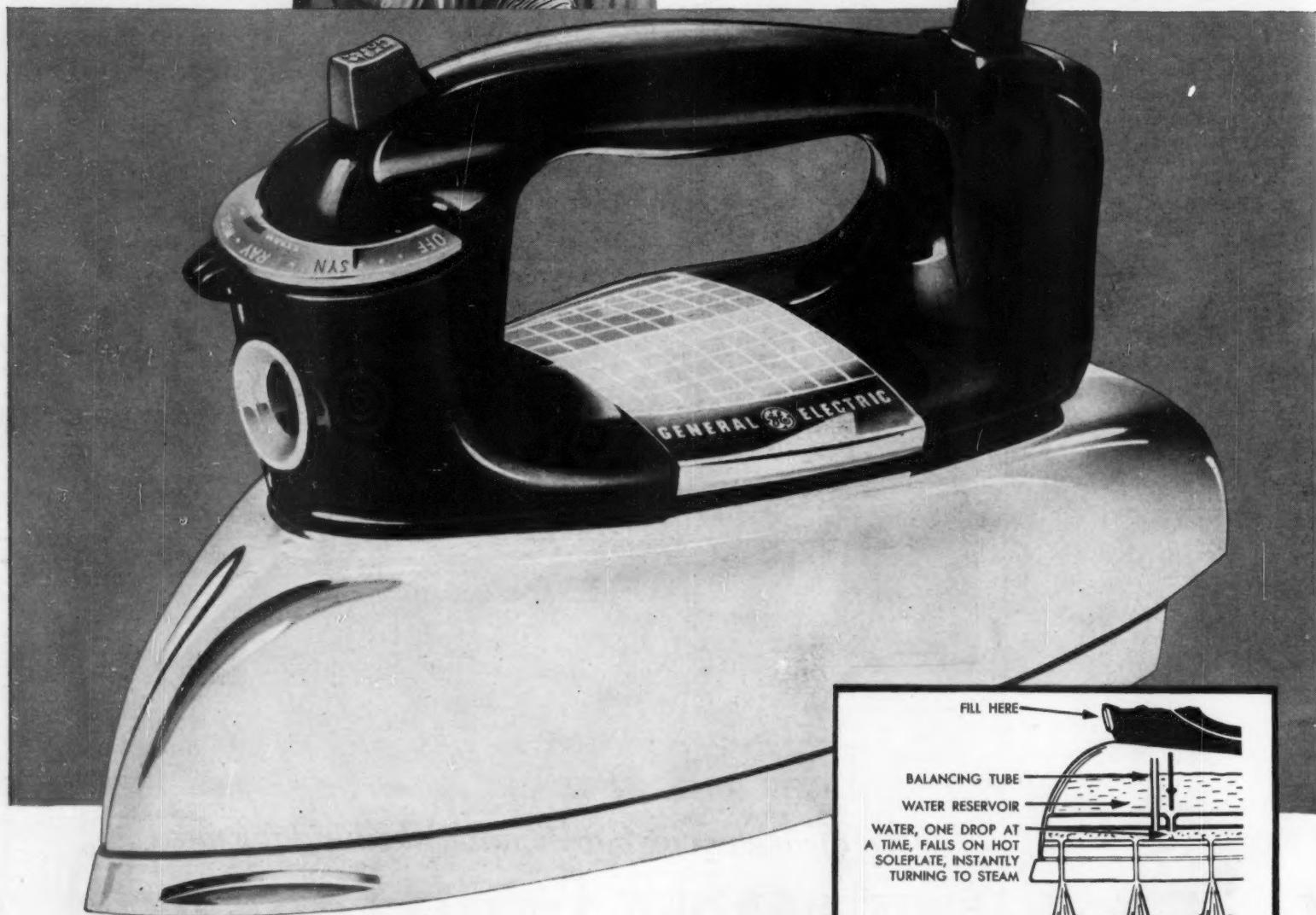
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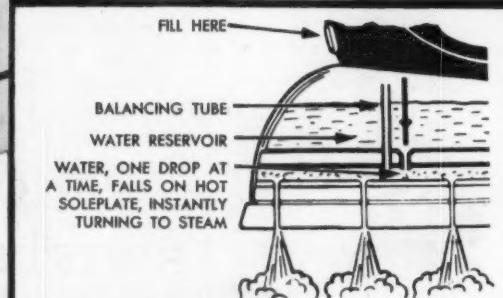
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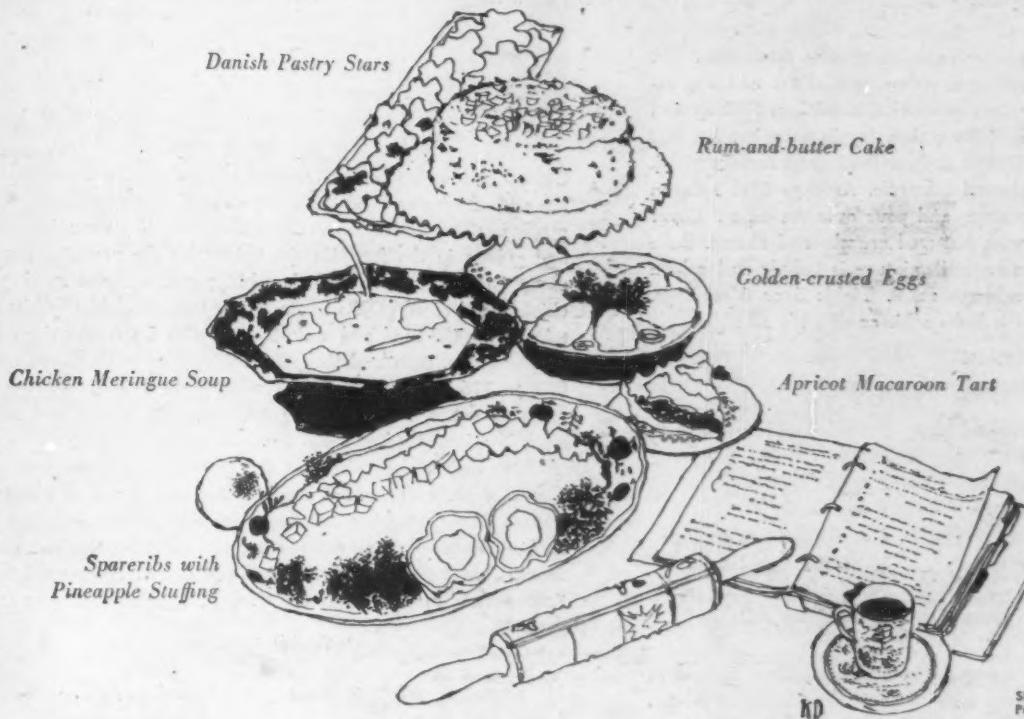
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FIFTY FAVORITE FAMILY RECIPES

Once again fifty "best cooks" from *Chatelaine's* family of readers share their own home recipes with us — and you



Sketch by Ken Dallison.
Prize-winning dishes on our cover.

• EVERY YEAR it's just a little harder choosing our fifty recipe favorites. With each contest (and this is our eighth) the quality of entries seems to improve. This year, 4,220 tumbled through our letter slot.

Again, as last year, supper dishes were in the lead, accounting for a quarter of all entries. But this year, adventure was the keynote for Canadian cooks and their families. Spices and cooking wines were tossed in as easily as those old familiar—salt, pepper and mustard. Dishes from as far away as Jamaica and Nigeria (see recipes) were handily transported by roving Canadians.

One young contestant proudly sent in her cookie entry in her own

one-inch-high, grade-two printing. Another, who might have been her mother but wasn't, confessed that with two flu-struck preschoolers she felt play dough for molding, rather than eating, was what the Canadian homemaker needed most in her recipe file. One recipe started and stopped with: "Two young coons are needed . . ." It was for Roast Stuffed Coon, naturally.

To the six first-prize winners of \$25 and the rest who won \$5 we proudly offer congratulations. And to the 4,170 of you who gave us such a wonderful basis of selection we say a very warm thank-you. Let's meet again next year.

Selected and tested by *Chatelaine* Institute

MEATS AND FISH



First Prize
\$25

SPARERIBS WITH PINEAPPLE STUFFING

Mrs. Douglas Brown, Stony Plain, Alta.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 strips back spareribs
(about 4 pounds) | 1 1/2 teaspoons salt |
| 1 (20-ounce) can crushed
pineapple | 1/2 teaspoon sweet basil |
| 1 medium chopped onion | Dash pepper |
| 1/4 cup butter | 1/2 teaspoon ginger |
| 2 stalks celery, diced | 1 egg |
| 1/4 cup chopped parsley | 1/2 cup sauterne or
1/4 cup water plus 1/4 cup
lemon juice |
| 2 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs | |

Start your oven at 450 degrees F. while you are preparing the meat.

Buy spareribs as much alike in size as possible. Put one side of ribs in the bottom of a shallow greased roasting pan. Now drain pineapple, keeping juice to use later on. Brown onion in the butter. Dump in celery and parsley and cook until limp. Remove from heat and mix in drained pineapple, bread crumbs, salt, basil, pepper, ginger and slightly beaten egg. Pile on top of ribs. Cover with second strip of ribs. Fasten layers of meat with skewers. Sprinkle with salt. Bake 15 to 20 minutes until richly brown, turning them once. Reduce heat to 325 to 350 degrees F. and pour in the pineapple juice and wine. Bake 1 hour longer or until spareribs are tender, basting them often with the juice. Lift the stuffed ribs onto a heated platter. Make gravy or sauce of the pan drippings to serve with the meat. Garnish with pineapple cubes that have been sautéed in butter. Add parsley and stuffed red-pepper rings. Serves 7 or 8 people.

NOTE: Our cover picture platter was prepared with twice this recipe.



FISH PIE DELISH

Mrs. Watkin Jones, Saskatoon.

1½ pounds cod fillets or any other fresh or frozen fillets	2 cups medium-thick, seasoned white sauce
2 cups soft bread crumbs	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt	2 peeled and sliced tomatoes OR 1 cup drained tomatoes
¼ teaspoon pepper	½ cup buttered bread crumbs
½ teaspoon thyme	½ cup grated mild Cheddar cheese (optional)
1 tablespoon grated onion	
2 tablespoons fat	
1 egg slightly beaten	
1 cup mixed cooked peas and carrots	

Wipe fillets and cut in 6 or 8 lengthwise strips to form thin fillets. Mix the bread crumbs, salt, pepper, thyme, onion, melted fat and egg together. Spread each fillet with a thin layer of this stuffing. Roll up and fasten with toothpicks. Roll each in flour then fry in deep hot fat, 360 degrees F., for 2 minutes or until light brown. Drain and remove picks. Spread peas and carrots in a greased casserole. Arrange fillet rolls on top. Mix parsley with the white sauce and pour over the fillets. Cover with sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and cheese. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 25 minutes or until mixture is bubbly and golden brown. Serve with apple and cabbage salad. Yield: 5 or 6 servings. Don't let the sauce bother you if it looks a bit curdly, it's all right.



YORKSHIRE STEAK

Mrs. George Murray, Orillia, Ont.

1 pound lean minced beef	2 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon salt	2 eggs
¼ teaspoon pepper	1 cup milk
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning	1 cup sifted pastry flour
½ cup milk or tomato juice	½ teaspoon baking powder
½ cup finely chopped onion	¼ teaspoon salt

Mix meat, salt, pepper, poultry seasoning and milk together. Spread in a greased 8-inch-square pan. Cover with the onions and melted butter. Bake at 450 degrees F. for 10 minutes. While it's baking beat eggs and add the milk. Stir in the flour, baking powder and salt sifted together. Beat until smooth. Break up the hot meat slightly with a fork, and pour the thin batter over the top. Return to the oven and bake another 30 minutes or until batter is done. Cut in squares and serve with hot tomato sauce. Serves 6.

CASSOULET

Mrs. J. R. Miller, Montreal.

1 pound veal cutlet	¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon flour	¾ cup dry red wine
2 tablespoons fat	¼ cup water
2 chopped, medium onions	1 or 2 cans (20 ounces each) red kidney beans
2 minced cloves garlic	½ to 1 pound brown-and- serve sausages
½ teaspoon dried rosemary	Potato flakes
1 teaspoon salt	

Cut veal into 1½-inch pieces. Dredge with flour. Brown in fat with onions and garlic. Sprinkle with seasonings. Add wine and water. Cover and simmer 20 minutes or until veal is tender. Thicken liquid slightly. Add kidney beans and sausages that have been lightly browned and cut in halves. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes longer or pour into a greased casserole. Cover with crushed potato flakes, and bake at 375 degrees F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

MOCK TURKEY

Mrs. W. J. Martin, Halifax.

5-pound leg of veal	2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons bacon dripping	½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon dry mustard	1 cup cold water
1 teaspoon sage or summer savory	3 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice
1 tablespoon brown sugar	10 slices bacon

Sear veal in bacon dripping until all sides are nicely browned. Place in

a roast pan. Mix the mustard, sage, sugar, salt, pepper, water and vinegar together, and pour this over the meat. Arrange the slices of bacon over the top and sides securing them with toothpicks where necessary. Roast in a 350 degree F. oven, basting occasionally until veal is well cooked. Allow about 35 to 40 minutes per pound or until a meat thermometer registers 170 degrees.

WEST AFRICAN GROUNDNUT STEW

Mrs. K. Bostwick, Toronto.

This dish is served at least once a week among the white population in Nigeria, and is one of the most delightful and satisfying of meals.



1 (4- to 5-pound) stewing chicken	3 or 4 tablespoons flour
4 cups water	1 or 2 crumbled chili peppers
1 stalk celery	1 green pepper, cut in strips
1 teaspoon salt	5 or 6 hard-cooked eggs
2 large onions sliced	Hot cooked rice
2 tablespoons fat	
1 cup peanut butter	

Cut up chicken and cover the pieces including the back, neck and giblets with the water. Add the sliced stalk of celery and salt. Boil chicken gently until tender. Drain and save the stock. Fry the onions until tender and golden in the fat. Mix the flour with the peanut butter and add about ¾ of the stock and the chili peppers. Place serving pieces of chicken and diced giblets into a large casserole. Add any bits of chicken taken from the back and neck. Spread with the fried onions and green-pepper strips, then add the peanut butter mixture. Cover and bake at 350 to 375 degrees F. for 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until you are ready to eat it. Before serving add eggs cut in half and a little more stock if mixture is too thick. Serve over fluffy rice.

Side dishes placed around the table may contain mango chutney, shredded plain or toasted coconut, currants, peanuts, small red chilis (watch these), chopped bananas, chopped tomatoes, chopped pineapple, chopped melon, ground red pepper, and anything else you can think of. NOTE: Add 2 cups peanut butter if you like it. The peanut butter is the "groundnut" referred to in the title.

VITAMIN LIVER LOAF

Mrs. O. Gardner, Calgary.

1½ pounds lean beef, ground	½ cup chopped green onions
1 egg, well beaten	½ teaspoons salt
1 can baby or junior liver	⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 small raw potato, grated	1 tablespoon prepared mustard
½ cup wheat germ	2 tablespoons milk or tomato juice
¼ cup powdered milk	

Mix all ingredients well and press into a greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees F. for about one hour or until quite brown. The grated potato keeps this loaf moist. Serve without gravy. If desired, a can of tomato soup may be poured over the loaf and then returned to the oven long enough to heat. Serves 6 to 8 slices.



LAMB AND KIDNEY STEW

Mrs. Gordon Walsh, Marystow South, Nfld.

3 lamb kidneys or hearts	½ teaspoon dried mint (optional)
2 pounds lean neck or shoulder lamb	6 medium-sized whole scraped carrots
2 tablespoons flour	6 small-sized whole white onions
2 to 3 tablespoons fat or oil	1 teaspoon beef extract
¼ cup chopped onion	¼ teaspoon pepper
2½ cups boiling water	1 to 2 cups cooked drained peas
1½ teaspoons salt	
¼ teaspoon celery seed	
½ bay leaf	

Wash and dry kidneys. Split and cut out fat and membrane. Slice kidney and lamb in 1-inch pieces (use only lean lamb or stew will be greasy and strong-flavored). Keep the bones. Dredge meat and bones with flour. Fry onion in the fat, and add the meat. Stir until nicely browned. Add water, salt, celery seed, bay leaf and dried mint. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Add carrots and onions. Cover again and simmer until tender. Lift vegetables out. Discard bones and bay leaf. Thicken meat and stock with a flour-water mixture. Stir in beef extract and pepper. Taste and add more salt if needed. Pour into a casserole. Arrange vegetables on top. Sprinkle with peas and reheat in the oven for 15 to 20 minutes at 375 degrees F. Serves 6. Serve with boiled or mashed potatoes.

SUPPER DISHES



First Prize \$25

GOLDEN-CRUSTED EGGS

Mrs. Gertrude Kreis, Avonlea, Sask.

1 small chopped onion	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter	Dash pepper
6 hard-cooked eggs	Mayonnaise
1/4 cup pickle relish or chopped dill pickle	4 cups seasoned fresh mashed potatoes
1 teaspoon prepared mustard	1 cup crushed corn flakes 1 tablespoon butter

Sauté the onion in 2 tablespoons butter until just tender. Cut eggs in half, remove yolks and mash as for deviled eggs. To this add the sautéed onion, pickle relish, mustard, salt and pepper to taste. Stir in just enough mayonnaise to moisten. Fill egg whites and place together as a whole egg again. Then mold mashed potatoes around each egg $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick.

Mix the corn flakes with 1 tablespoon melted butter and toss together. Roll potatoes completely in this crumb mixture and place them side by side on a greased cookie sheet. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes at 350 degrees F. Serve with tomato sauce or creamed vegetables and garnish with crisp bacon or well-cooked sausages.



SALMON CELERY PIE

Mrs. H. Fisher, Brantford.

1 (10-ounce) can codfish cakes	1 can cream of celery soup
1 egg, slightly beaten	1 egg, slightly beaten
1 (16-ounce) can red salmon	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
3 tablespoons butter	1/2 cup crushed corn flakes
3 tablespoons flour	6 slices crisp breakfast bacon
2 teaspoons onion juice	

Combine codfish cakes and 1 egg. Pat mixture evenly over bottom and sides of a greased, deep, 9-inch pie pan. Drain and flake salmon. Remove bones and skin. Melt butter. Blend in flour then add onion juice and soup. Cook 5 minutes, stirring until mixture is smooth and thick. Season if desired. Add salmon and egg. Turn into codfish crust. Sprinkle with crushed corn flakes. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 25 minutes. Place crisp bacon on top in lattice form. Place under broiler for 1 or 2 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 6 helpings.

CURRIED RICE AND OYSTERS

Mrs. Aline Byers, Goose Bay

2 cups cooked rice	1/2 cup light cream or evaporated milk
3 tablespoons melted butter	2 tablespoons cornstarch
1/2 pint oysters	2 teaspoons onion powder OR 2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon lemon juice	1/2 teaspoon thyme
1/4 teaspoon Tabasco sauce	1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder
Salt and pepper	3/4 cup buttered bread crumbs
I can cream of chicken or mushroom soup	

Mix the butter with the rice and place half in the bottom of a greased baking dish. Drain the oysters and save the juice. Spread oysters over the rice. Sprinkle with lemon juice, Tabasco and salt and pepper. Heat the soup and cream together then add the oyster juice mixed with the cornstarch, onion powder, thyme and curry powder. Stir and cook until thick. Pour over the rice and oysters. Cover with remaining rice. Cover with buttered bread crumbs, and bake in a 350 degree F. oven for 35 to 40 minutes. Garnish with lemon curls and parsley. Serves 5 or 6.

SLIP-AND-GO-DOWN POTATOES

Mrs. Walter Walkow, Lynn Lake, Man.

Boil 6 medium potatoes, mash, add salt and pepper. Fry 6 or 8 slices of bacon cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces and when brown remove from heat and add 1 tablespoon or so of vinegar. Shred lettuce, not too fine, about 1 cup per person. Chop up 6 or 8 scallions or one medium-sized onion. Mix lettuce and onion together then pour on the cooled bacon mixture. Give it a toss to wilt it further and then mix into hot mashed potatoes.



CHEESE-CRUST CHICKEN SALAD

Mrs. J. H. White, Lethbridge.

CHEESE CRUST	1 package dehydrated yeast
2 tablespoons sugar	1 egg, beaten
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
4 tablespoons fat	1/3 cup milk, scalded
1/4 cup lukewarm water	2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour (approximately)
1 teaspoon sugar	1 teaspoon sugar

Combine sugar, salt, fat and scalded milk in a bowl and cool to lukewarm. Stir 1 teaspoon of sugar into lukewarm water and sprinkle yeast over this mixture. Let stand for 10 minutes. Combine egg-milk mixture, yeast and cheese and mix thoroughly. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour and beat until smooth. Stir in enough remaining flour to make a stiff, but soft dough. Knead slightly.

Place dough in a greased bowl. Brush top with melted fat and let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and divide into three sections. Roll each into a 10-inch circle. Press firmly into three greased 9-inch pans. Crimp edges and brush with slightly beaten egg white. Let rise for 30 minutes. Prick crust with fork and bake at 375 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Do not brown. Fill with Chicken Salad Filling and bake or cool the crusts and wrap and store in freezer for future use. Serves 6.

CHICKEN SALAD FILLING (for one 9-inch cheese crust)

2 1/2 cups diced, cooked chicken	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup finely diced celery	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper	3/4 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons minced onion	1 small package potato chips
2 tablespoons lemon juice	Sliced stuffed olives

Combine all ingredients. Correct seasoning according to taste, and place mixture in one partially baked cheese crust. Sprinkle top with crushed potato chips and sliced stuffed olives. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 15 to 20 minutes or until mixture is heated through.



CHICKEN A LA CHEESE PIE

Mrs. E. Baltaz, Kitchener.

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour	2 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup chicken broth
1/3 cup shortening	3 cups diced cooked chicken
1 egg, slightly beaten	3/4 cup small cooked carrot sticks
2 tablespoons water	1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
1/2 cup chopped onion	6 to 8 slices pasteurized processed cheese
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper	4 slices bacon, fried crisp
1/4 cup chicken fat or butter	

Sift flour and salt; cut in shortening. Combine 1 tablespoon egg with water; sprinkle over flour mixture, stirring with fork. Mix until just moist enough to hold together, adding extra drops of water if necessary. Roll out on floured board $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches larger than inverted 9-inch pie pan. Fit loosely into pan. Flute. Prick generously. Bake in hot oven 425 degrees F. 8 to 10 minutes until very lightly browned.

Sauté onion and green pepper in fat in large skillet until tender. Stir in flour and broth; cook and stir until thickened. Season to taste. Add chicken, carrots and the remaining beaten egg. Turn into pie shell; top with cheese slices and crumbled bacon. Bake on bottom rack at 350 degrees F. for 20 minutes until cheese melts and turns light golden brown.



PEA SOUP SUPPER PANCAKES

Mrs. A. MacL. Fraser, Vancouver

1 can condensed French- Canadian-style pea soup	1/4 teaspoon (scant) salt and a few grains of pepper (soup is already seasoned)
4 tablespoons all-purpose flour	2 eggs

1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup milk
----------------------------------	--------------

Sift dry ingredients together and add gradually to the undiluted soup, mixing thoroughly with a fork. Beat eggs and milk together and add gradually to soup-and-flour mixture. Beat until smooth. Drop by spoonfuls onto hot greased frying pan or griddle. Cook at medium heat about 5 minutes. When nicely browned, turn and cook on other side for 5 minutes. Yield: 12 to 14 patties.

Serve hot with Spanish sauce or syrup and crisp bacon, ham or sausages. With green salad and a light dessert, this makes a filling supper.



SALMON BALLS IN VEGETABLE SAUCE

Mrs. Russ Pierce, Kagawong, Ont.

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
1/2 cup chopped onion	2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cup chopped green pepper or celery	1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 can condensed vegetable soup	1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup water	1/2 teaspoon Worcester- shire sauce
1 cup canned, flaked salmon (or tuna) fish	1/4 teaspoon salt

Sauté onion and green pepper in butter until tender. Add soup and water. Heat to boiling. Mix remaining ingredients together and form into balls. Roll each in dry bread crumbs or cracker crumbs. Place in soup mixture. Cover and simmer 12 minutes. Serve in the centre of a hot rice ring or over plain or fried rice. Serves 4.

CAKES/COOKIES

First Prize \$25



RUM-AND-BUTTER CAKE

Mrs. A. R. Cook, Bowsman, Man.

1 1/2 cups chopped dates	1 1/2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 cup chopped Brazil nuts (optional)	2 eggs
1 teaspoon baking soda	2 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water	2 1/3 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon rum extract	1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla	1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup soft butter and shortening mixed	

Place first six ingredients in a bowl and let stand until cool. Cream butter and shortening mixture with the brown sugar. Add eggs and egg yolks. Beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the cooled date mixture. Pour into two greased and floured 8-inch deep layer cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 to 35 minutes or until centre is firm. Cool slightly and remove from pans.

Frost with the following frosting made in the top of a double boiler: 2 egg whites, 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, 1 tablespoon corn syrup, 1/3 cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring and 1 teaspoon rum extract. Place over boiling water and beat until stiff. Spread between cake layers and on top and sides. Swirl frosting and sprinkle with Brazil-nut curls.



OLD-TIMERS

Mrs. Edith Patrick, Port Dalhousie, Ont.

3/4 cup lard	4 1/2 cups sifted all- purpose flour
3/4 cup granulated sugar	2 teaspoons baking soda
3/4 cup mild molasses	1 1/2 teaspoons salt
3/4 cup sour cream	2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 well-beaten eggs	3/4 teaspoon ginger

Cream lard and sugar together well. Add molasses and cream, then the well-beaten eggs. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients. Dough will be soft. Chill in refrigerator overnight.

Use half of dough at a time on floured cloth. Roll out lightly to 1/4 inch thick. Cut rounds of 2 1/2 to 3 inches. Place on greased cookie sheets and bake 15 to 20 minutes. These are good spread warm with butter or eaten with cheese. Fine for older people. Makes 4 dozen.

GRANDMOTHER'S E'CLES CAKES

Mrs. Edgar Watts, Armstrong, B.C.

Line 1 dozen large tart shells with flaky pastry, add 1 heaping teaspoon strawberry jam to each tart shell, chill in fridge while mixing:



1 cup once-sifted, all- purpose flour	2 eggs, unbeaten
1 1/2 level teaspoons baking powder	1/2 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind
1/4 cup butter	1/4 teaspoon almond flavoring
1/2 cup granulated sugar	1/2 cup milk

Sift flour and baking powder three times. Cream butter and sugar

together until creamy. Add eggs one at a time beating well after each. Add flavorings. Stir in flour mixture and milk alternately. Beat well. Fill each tart shell one-half full with cake batter. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Lower heat to 350 degrees F. and bake 5 to 10 minutes longer. Cool and frost with butter icing flavored with lemon extract. Sprinkle with toasted coconut. Yield: one dozen cakes.

GRAHAM CRACKER LOG

Mrs. D. G. McDonald, Alberni, B.C.

1/4 cup shortening 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 cup fine granulated sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs 3/4 cup milk
2/3 cup sifted all-purpose flour 1 2/3 cups graham cracker crumbs
Cream shortening and sugar together. Add eggs and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately to creamed mixture with the milk and crumbs. Grease and line a jelly-roll pan with wax paper (a large cookie sheet with an edge may be used). Spread batter in the pan and bake at 350 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Cool cake slightly. Turn out on a damp towel sprinkled with granulated sugar. Roll up in towel until cool. Unroll and spread with Mocha Cream Filling. Roll up again and ice log with Coffee Icing, spreading it unevenly to resemble bark. Grate 1 square of semisweet chocolate over icing. Chill.

MOCHA CREAM FILLING:

1/2 pint whipping cream	2 to 3 tablespoons fine sugar
2 tablespoons sifted cocoa	1/2 teaspoon instant coffee

Whip cream until stiff. Fold in the remaining ingredients sifted together.

COFFEE ICING:

Combine 4 tablespoons soft butter with 2 cups sifted icing sugar and enough strong cool coffee to make a spready consistency.

NOTE: Coffee icing may be doubled and half of it used in place of the Mocha Cream Filling.



DATE-ORANGE-FILLED COOKIES

Mrs. R. Huber, White Horse, Yukon

1 1/2 cups chopped dates	3 cups sifted all- purpose flour
1/2 cup granulated sugar	2 teaspoons baking orange rind
1 tablespoon grated orange rind	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup orange juice	1/4 cup water
1 cup shortening	1 1/2 cups light brown sugar

2 cups corn flakes,
slightly crushed

Combine dates, sugar, orange rind and juice. Cook over low heat until a soft paste is formed. Let cool. Meanwhile, cream shortening and brown sugar well. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add alternately with water and vanilla to first mixture. Stir in corn flakes. Chill.

Roll dough to 1/8-inch thickness. Cut with floured 2 1/2- to 3-inch cutter. Put a teaspoonful of filling on one round and place a second round on top, pressing edges together with fork. Prick tops. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes. Makes 3 to 3 1/2 dozen cookies, depending on size.



LUSCIOUS APRICOT BARS

Mrs. Olive Bradbury, Toronto

2/3 cup dried apricots	1/4 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup water	2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cup soft butter or margarine	3/4 cup brown sugar packed
1/4 cup granulated sugar	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 1/2 cups sifted all- purpose flour	1/2 cup desiccated coconut or chopped nuts

1/2 teaspoon baking
powder

Cut apricots in small pieces. Cover with water. Simmer for 15 minutes. Cool. Grease 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan. Mix butter, granulated sugar and 1 cup flour until crumbly. Press into greased pan. Bake this mixture for 20 minutes at 350 degrees F. Sift remaining 1/2 cup flour with baking powder and salt. Beat eggs and brown sugar together. Stir in the flour mixture. Add vanilla, coconut and apricots. Spread over the baked layer. Return to the oven and bake for 30 minutes or longer, until done by your testing method. Cool thoroughly in pan. Frost with thin lemon-flavored butter icing. Sprinkle with toasted desiccated coconut. Cut into 30 oblong bars.



COFFEE CLOUD SPONGECAKE

Mrs. Mary Rebman, Kyle, Sask.

1 tablespoon instant coffee	1 1/2 cups fine granulated sugar
1 cup boiling water	2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
6 egg whites	3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup fine granulated sugar	1 cup finely chopped pecans
6 egg yolks	

Dissolve the coffee in the boiling water and cool. Beat egg whites with the cream of tartar until soft peaks form. Add 1/2 cup sugar gradually and beat until very stiff (do not overbeat). Beat egg yolks well. Add 1 1/2 cups sugar gradually and beat until thick and lemon-colored. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Stir these dry ingredients into the egg-yolk mixture with the pecans. Fold in the egg-white mixture, one quarter at a time. After last addition, fold only until blended. Bake in a 10-inch tube pan at 350 degrees F. for 60 to 70 minutes. Invert and cool at least one hour. Frost with Coffee Icing.

Cream 2 tablespoons butter. Blend in 2 cups sifted icing sugar and 1 1/2 teaspoons instant coffee. Add undiluted evaporated milk until of a spready consistency.



CHERRY REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

Mrs. Ray Matthews, Aroostook Jct., N.B.

1/2 cup shortening	1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 1/4 cups fine white sugar	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, well beaten	2/3 cup chopped candied cherries
Juice and grated rind of half a lemon	1/3 cup chopped candied pineapple (optional)
1/4 teaspoon almond extract	1/2 cup chopped almonds or filberts
2 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour	

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten eggs, lemon juice and rind and almond extract. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and then the fruit and nuts. Mix well. Chill dough. Form into rolls 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Wrap in wax paper. Chill again. Slice in 1/4-inch slices and place on greased cookie sheets. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Yield: 5 dozen.

BREADS



First Prize \$25

DANISH PASTRY STARS

Miss Matilda Ryan, Pembroke, Ont.

1 package dehydrated yeast	1 cup chilled butter or margarine
1/2 cup lukewarm water	1 well-beaten egg
1 teaspoon sugar	2/3 cup brown sugar
2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons sugar	1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons water

Measure water into a bowl. Add 1 teaspoon sugar and the yeast. Let stand 10 minutes. Mix flour, 2 tablespoons sugar and salt in a bowl. Shred the butter or margarine into the flour mixture using a medium shredder. Stir until butter is distributed. This will be lumpy. Add egg to the dissolved yeast then add it to the flour mixture. Knead slightly and place in a bowl. Cover and chill until firm (about one hour). Roll dough out on a lightly floured canvas into a rectangle about 25 x 13 inches. Cut lengthwise into three even strips.

Mix remaining ingredients together and spread it one inch wide down the centre of each strip. Dampen the edges and fold one edge over the filling, then fold the opposite edge over the top. Cut each strip into six pieces. Cut six slashes along one side of each piece to within 1/3 inch of the other side. Form each piece into a circle on a greased cookie sheet and spread the slashes to form a six-pointed star. Repeat until all pieces are star shapes and cover with a towel. Let rise until light and puffy (about 30 minutes).



Fill centres with any remaining filling and brush the points with slightly beaten egg. Bake at 425 degrees F. for 10 to 12 minutes. While still warm, brush points with confectioner's icing and fill centres with 1 teaspoon of red jam. Makes 1 1/2 dozen.



THREE-CORNERED HATS

Mrs. R. Besser, Plumas, Man.

1/2 cup scalded milk	4 to 4 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour (approximately)
2/3 cup butter or shortening	2 cups chopped, cooked prunes
1/2 cup white sugar	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup white sugar
1 teaspoon grated orange rind	1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon white sugar	1/8 teaspoon cloves
1/2 cup lukewarm water	1 egg yolk
1 package dehydrated yeast	1 tablespoon cold water
2 eggs	

Scald milk, add butter, 1/2 cup sugar, salt, orange rind. Stir and cool to lukewarm. Add 1 teaspoon sugar to water and sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 minutes. Beat eggs and combine with milk and yeast. Add 2 cups of flour and beat till smooth. Add remaining flour to make a soft dough. Knead slightly until smooth on a lightly floured board. Set in a greased bowl. Brush top with oil. Cover and let rise until doubled.

Grease two cookie sheets. Mix the prunes, lemon juice, sugar, cinnamon and cloves together. Roll dough out to a little more than 1/8-inch thickness. Cut into thirty-six 4-inch circles. Place a heaping teaspoon of prune filling in centre of each circle. Dampen edges. Bring three edges up and pinch them together over filling. Set on cookie sheets. Cover and let rise again. Brush with beaten egg yolk and water mixed together. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 20 minutes.



ORANGE UPSADAISIES

Mrs. A. Knoll, Winnipeg

1 teaspoon grated orange rind	3 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 cup orange juice	1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar	1/3 cup salad oil
1/3 cup butter or margarine	3/4 cup milk
1/8 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1 teaspoon cinnamon
	1/8 teaspoon salt

Simmer the first 5 ingredients together on low heat for 10 minutes. Spoon into 12 greased muffin cups. Sift flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Stir in the salad oil and milk that have been mixed together. Set the dough on a floured pastry board and roll out into a 12 x 10-inch rectangle. Mix the 2 tablespoons sugar, cinnamon and salt together and sprinkle over the dough. Roll up like a jelly roll. Cut in 12 slices and place cut side down in muffin cups. Bake in a 400 degree F. oven for 20 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes and invert on wax paper. Serve warm.



CRANBERRY ORANGE FRUIT BREAD

Mrs. Nola Simmons, Trenton, Ont.

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	3 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup granulated sugar	Boiling water
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon salt	3/4 cup chopped nuts
1/2 teaspoon baking soda	3/4 cup fresh cranberries, chopped fine
Grated rind and juice of 1 orange	1/2 cup red maraschino cherries, cut in quarters

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and baking soda into a large mixing bowl. Mix orange juice, grated rind and melted butter in a measuring cup. Add enough boiling water to measure 2/3 of a cup. Combine orange-juice mixture with beaten egg. Stir liquid into dry ingredients.

Fold in nuts, cranberries and cherries. Put batter into a greased loaf pan 8 x 4 inches and let stand for 20 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees F. for one hour. Brush with corn syrup while loaf is still hot and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Decorate with cherries. Ideal for a Valentine tea.

**HOSKA**

Mrs. William Petluk, Nampa, Alta.

3/4 cup milk	1/4 cup raisins
1/2 cup shortening or butter	1/4 cup chopped citron
3/4 cup granulated sugar	1/4 cup chopped almonds
1 teaspoon salt	1 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
2 packages dehydrated yeast	3 cups sifted all-purpose flour (approximately)
1 teaspoon sugar	1 egg
1/2 cup lukewarm water	1 tablespoon water
2 eggs, beaten	1/4 cup whole almonds
2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	Melted butter

Scald milk. Stir in shortening, 3/4 cup sugar and salt. Cool until lukewarm. Sprinkle yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar over lukewarm water and let stand until dissolved. Add lukewarm milk mixture, beaten eggs, then 2 1/2 cups flour. Beat until smooth. Stir in raisins, citron, chopped almonds, lemon rind and enough of remaining flour to make a fairly stiff dough.

Knead all remaining flour into dough until smooth. Place in greased bowl, turning once to grease all sides. Cover with clean towel, let rise until double in bulk, about 1 1/2 hours. Punch down dough, cut in half. Divide one half into three equal pieces. Roll pieces between hands into strips 18 inches long. Place strips one inch apart on lightly greased cookie sheet, and braid. Brush top with melted butter or margarine.

Divide two thirds of remaining dough into three equal pieces on floured surface. Form same way into second, but thinner braid 18 inches long. Place on top of first braid. Brush again with melted butter.

Form remaining dough into a third, very thin braid about 18 inches long. Place on top of second braid (be sure two top braids are centred). If necessary use toothpicks to hold them in place while baking. Let rise about 1 hour or until doubled in bulk. Brush with beaten egg and 1 tablespoon water. Decorate with whole almonds. Bake at 350 to 375 deg. F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Especially nice served slightly warm. Yield: 1 loaf.

**KING'S TEMPTATION**

Miss Evelyn Harris, Vancouver

1 package dehydrated yeast	1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup lukewarm water	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar	2 well-beaten eggs
3/4 cup lukewarm milk	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine	2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
	1 cup washed raisins

Dissolve yeast in warm water to which the 1 teaspoon sugar has been added. Add milk, butter, sugar and salt. Stir in the eggs, cinnamon, flour and raisins. Mix well. Cover bowl and let rise until doubled in bulk. Drop batter by spoonfuls into deep hot fat 360 to 370 deg. F. Fry until golden. Dip each in a glaze made by mixing together 2 cups icing sugar, 1/2 cup hot milk, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Set on a cake rack until cool.

This is a Swedish recipe and came from Kansas to me—you will find it delicious.

NOTE: The 1/2 cup sugar may be omitted from the batter if desired.

**ONION RYE BREAD**

Mrs. Fred Maguire, Stayner, Ont.

1 package dehydrated yeast	3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/2 cup lukewarm water	5 teaspoons caraway seed
1 cup scalded milk	3 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons sugar	
2 teaspoons salt	1 1/2 cups unsifted rye flour (approximately)
2 tablespoons shortening	

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Mix milk, sugar, salt and shortening together and cool to lukewarm. Add the dissolved yeast and stir in the all-purpose flour. Mix until smooth. Add the caraway seeds and onion, then enough rye flour to make a firm dough. Knead until smooth on a rye-floured board. Brush top with salad oil and cover. Let rise until doubled. Knead again until free of large air bubbles, and shape into two small loaves or one large one. Place in well-greased loaf pans and brush tops with oil. Let rise again until doubled and bake in a 350 deg. F. oven for 45 to 50 minutes.

**DATE CRUMB GEMS**

Mrs. D. Calkin, Dorchester, N.B.

1/4 cup shortening	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup sugar, granulated	1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 egg	1 cup graham cracker crumbs (11 crackers)
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour	1 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder	3/4 cup chopped dates

Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy in mixing bowl, add egg and combine thoroughly. Sift flour with baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Add graham cracker crumbs. Add flour mixture to shortening mixture alternately with milk. Stir in chopped dates.

Spoon batter into 12 greased custard cups or muffin pans, filling them about half full. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 25 to 30 minutes.

**PEANUT BUTTER BREAD**

Mrs. Jim Green, Dunchurch, Ont.

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	2 well-beaten eggs
	1 cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder	1 teaspoon grated lemon rind or orange rind
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/3 cup chopped salted peanuts
1/2 cup granulated sugar	1/2 cup peanut butter

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Rub in the peanut butter until mixture is crumbly. Mix the eggs, milk and lemon rind together, and then stir these liquid ingredients quickly into the flour mixture. Pour into a greased loaf pan. Sprinkle with the chopped peanuts. Bake at 325 to 350 degrees F. for 50 to 60 minutes. While still hot, brush top with melted butter or corn syrup. Cool. Remove from pan and slice the second day.

DESSERTS

*First Prize \$25***APRICOT MACAROON TART**

Mrs. Marie Werle, Saskatoon

1/2 cup butter	1/2 teaspoon lemon rind
1/4 cup icing sugar	1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 egg yolks	2 tablespoons water
1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour	2 egg whites
1/2 teaspoon baking powder	1/8 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup apricot or peach jam	3/4 cup fine granulated sugar
1 (20-ounce) can apricots	1/4 teaspoon almond extract
Juice of 1 lemon	1 cup desiccated or flake-type coconut

Cream butter, icing sugar and egg yolks together. Stir in the flour and baking powder sifted together. Chill. Roll out on a lightly floured board to 1/4-inch thickness. Fit into a deep 9- or 10-inch pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool slightly. Spread jam thinly over the bottom. Drain the apricots, reserve juice. Place apricots cut-side down on the jam. Heat apricot juice with the lemon juice and rind. Thicken with the cornstarch and water mixed together. Spoon 2 tablespoons of this sauce over the apricots. Set remainder aside.

Beat egg whites and salt together until stiff. Add granulated sugar gradually and continue to beat. Fold in the almond extract and coconut. Spread this mixture evenly over the contents of the pie pan. Bake at 300 to 325 degrees F. for 30 to 35 minutes. Reheat apricot sauce and drizzle it over the pie. Cool thoroughly before cutting. Garnish with sweetened whipped cream. Cuts into 7 or 8 pieces.

GRAPE CHIFFON PIE

Mrs. A. Stuart Mallinson, Toronto

1 1/2 tablespoons plain gelatine	Red food coloring
1/4 cup cold water	1/2 pint whipping cream
1/4 pound marshmallows	1 bunch Tokay grapes
2 cups grape juice	1 baked 9- or 10-inch pie shell
1 tablespoon lemon juice	

Soak gelatine in the cold water in a cup. Place cup in boiling water to melt gelatine. Place marshmallows and 1/3 cup grape juice in sauce-

pan over low heat. Fold over and over until marshmallows are almost melted, remove from heat; add gelatine, continue folding until smooth. Cool. Add remaining grape juice, lemon juice, few drops food coloring. Chill until mixture thickens. Fold in half of the whipped cream and pour into baked pastry shell. When firm, spread with remaining whipped cream that has been sweetened. Arrange halved grapes in the centre of the top, cut side down to resemble cluster of grapes, cut angelica to form leaves and stem. Serves 6.

GINGERBREAD RING

Mrs. Edmund Long, Malagash Mine, N.S.

1 cup light brown sugar firmly packed	1 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 cup shortening	1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs, well beaten	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup molasses	1 1/2 teaspoons ginger
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour OR 2 cups sifted pastry flour plus 2 tablespoons	1 teaspoon cinnamon
	1 cup sour milk

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add eggs and beat well. Stir in the molasses; then add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the sour milk. Turn into a well-greased large ring mold and bake for 50 to 60 minutes in moderate oven 350 degrees F. Cool slightly and turn out on a serving platter. Fill the centre with chilled Orange Marshmallow Fluff. Garnish with orange sections. Serves 8.

ORANGE MARSHMALLOW FLUFF:

1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened	1/4 pound diced or miniature marshmallows
	1/2 cup thick orange marmalade

Mix cream, marshmallows, marmalade lightly, but thoroughly. Chill.

PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE DESSERT

Mrs. Laura J. Middlemass, Portage la Prairie

1 1/2 cups crushed graham wafers	1/2 cup pineapple syrup (from can)
1/4 cup melted butter	1 cup cottage cheese
1 tablespoon sugar	1 (4-ounce) package cream cheese
1 tablespoon cinnamon	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 (10-ounce) can crushed pineapple	1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 package plain gelatine	2 egg whites
1/4 cup cold water	1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup sugar	1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
2 egg yolks	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt	

Combine the first four ingredients. Set aside 1/2 cup of the mixture and press the remainder into a greased 8-inch-square, spring-form pan. Spread with well-drained crushed pineapple. Soften gelatine in cold water. Mix 1/4 cup sugar, egg yolks, salt and pineapple syrup in the top of a double boiler. Cook and stir until mixture thickens. Add the softened gelatine and remove from over the hot water. Cool slightly.

Press cottage cheese and cream cheese through a sieve. Blend well, then beat in the cooled egg-gelatine mixture. Add lemon juice and rind. Chill until partly thickened. Beat egg whites until firm. Gradually add 1/4 cup sugar and continue beating until stiff. Fold in the chilled mixture, then the stiffly beaten cream. Stir in vanilla and spread over the pineapple in the pan. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Chill overnight until firm. Remove pan. Leave cake on metal base, and cut into 10 oblong servings. Garnish with maraschino cherries.

CRANBERRY MINCE PIE

Mrs. Stephen Swirhun, Kenora, Ont.

1 1/3 cups raisins	2 teaspoons grated lemon peel
1 1/3 cups finely chopped peeled apples	1/3 cup lemon juice
1/3 cup chopped walnuts	1 cup white sugar
3/4 cup cranberry sauce	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon grated orange peel	1 teaspoon cinnamon
	1/2 teaspoon cloves
	1/2 teaspoon ginger

1 recipe plain flaky pie pastry

Combine fruit, nuts, cranberry sauce, orange and lemon peel and juice, sugar and spices. Pour into 9-inch pastry-lined pie pan that has been sprinkled with 1 tablespoon flour. Adjust top crust. Bake in hot oven 400 degrees F. for 40 to 45 minutes.



CONTINENTAL CAKE

Mrs. K. G. Blaikie, Shawinigan Falls

1/2 package lemon-flavored cake mix, made according to packaged directions OR	1/3 cup milk
1/4 pound lady fingers	1 cup ground, blanched almonds
1/2 cup fine granulated sugar	1/2 teaspoon almond extract
1 egg yolk	1/4 cup milk
	1/4 cup cooking sherry

Make up and bake half package of lemon-flavored cake mix. This can be done a day or two beforehand. Grease a 7 x 4-inch loaf pan and line with wax paper. Beat butter, sugar, egg yolk and milk together until fluffy, add the almonds and extract. Cut the cake into 1/2-inch slices then into pieces 3 inches long. Dip each quickly into a mixture of the 1/4 cup milk and sherry.

Place a layer of the cake fingers in the bottom of the pan. Cover with a layer of the almond mixture. Continue to alternate cake and almond mixture until all is used, finishing with the almond. Chill overnight and turn dessert out carefully. Serve in slices topped with a spoonful of sweetened fresh or frozen sliced peaches or berries. For storing in the freezer I make it in an ice cube tray. Keeps for at least two months. To serve, thaw overnight in refrigerator in freezer wrapping. Makes about 6 helpings.



FRESH APPLE SPONGE

Mrs. Mary McGurhill, Montreal

1/4 cup sugar	3/4 cup orange juice
1/2 cup water	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
3 medium-sized tart apples	1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 package plain gelatine	2 egg whites
1/2 cup cold water	1/4 teaspoon salt
	2 tablespoons sugar

Combine 1/4 cup sugar and 1/2 cup cold water in a saucepan and bring to boiling point. Wash, peel and slice apples. Add to syrup and cook until tender. Soften gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water and stir into the applesauce. Mash well. Add orange juice, vanilla and lemon rind. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites and salt together until fluffy. Add 2 tablespoons sugar gradually. Beat in the apple mixture. Chill until firm. Serve in sherbet glasses garnished with a sprinkling of ground nutmeg. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

PETIT POT DE CREME AU CHOCOLAT

Mrs. C. R. Bristow, Winnipeg

4 ounces semisweet chocolate	3 egg yolks
3 tablespoons sherry	3 egg whites
2 tablespoons milk	Dash salt
	1 tablespoon sugar

Melt chocolate in the top of a double boiler. Stir in sherry and milk and remove from the heat. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Fold in the chocolate mixture very lightly. Beat egg whites and salt together. Add sugar gradually and beat until stiff. Fold in the chocolate-egg-yolk mixture until no white is visible. Spoon mixture into 5 or 6 serving dishes. Chill for 12 hours or overnight. Serve with lightly sweetened whipped cream or marshmallow sauce.

NOTE: Six ounces of chocolate may be used for a stronger flavor.

MISCELLANEOUS



First Prize \$25

CHICKEN MERINGUE SOUP

Mrs. A. N. Fisher, Dorchester, N.B.

1 quart good-flavored chicken broth	1/3 cup cream
1 carrot, grated	Dash of salt and pepper
1/4 cup diced onion or celery	1/2 cup diced cooked chicken (optional)
2 tablespoons quick-cook- ing tapioca	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 cups hot milk	2 egg whites
2 egg yolks, well beaten	1/2 teaspoon salt

Heat chicken broth, carrot and onion together. Simmer until vegetables are tender. Add tapioca slowly, stirring constantly. Pour into a double boiler and cook until tapioca is transparent. Stir occasionally. Add milk, then egg yolks combined with cream. Cook, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add chicken and parsley. Beat egg whites and salt together until stiff. Serve soup in individual dishes topped with fluff of egg white sprinkled with paprika or Parmesan cheese. Makes 6 servings.

NOTE: If broth is weak in flavor add 1 chicken bouillon cube.



OYSTER CHOWDER

Mrs. F. C. Atkinson, Vancouver

3 slices side bacon, diced	1 teaspoon salt
1 medium onion, chopped	1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/4 cup chopped green pepper	1/2 pint oysters OR 1 (8-ounce) can oysters
2 medium potatoes, peeled and diced	2 cups milk
2 tablespoons flour	1 (6-ounce) can evaporated milk
1 1/2 cups hot water	Parsley, chopped

Partly fry diced bacon; add onion, green pepper and potatoes. Cook for about 10 minutes, stirring often. Sprinkle with the flour. Stir well and add the water. Simmer till vegetables are just tender. Add salt and pepper, oysters with liquid and the milk. Bring to simmer (do not boil). Place over boiling water and add evaporated milk and parsley. Reheat thoroughly. Serves 4.

CHEESE MOUSSE

Mrs. H. V. MacNeill, Truro

1 package plain gelatine	Dash of cloves
3/4 cup cold water	1/2 cup finely chopped celery
1 can condensed tomato soup (10 ounces)	1/2 cup grated carrot or turnip
2 (4-ounce) packages plain cream cheese	1/2 cup shredded cabbage
1/8 teaspoon mace	1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper or green pickle
	1 tablespoon grated onion

Soften the gelatine in the water. Heat the soup in the top of a double boiler. Stir in the gelatine. Remove from heat and add the cheese. Beat with an electric mixer or hand beater until smoothly blended. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, add all the remaining ingredients. Pour into an oiled ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and ice with 1 cup mayonnaise. Garnish. Serve in slices. Serves 6 to 8.



STAR CRANBERRY SALAD

Mrs. Lloyd Moore, Glenboro', Man.

1 cup minced raw cranberries	3/4 cup pineapple syrup
1/2 cup sugar	1 cup crushed drained pineapple
1 package lemon-flavored jelly powder	1 cup chopped celery
3/4 cup boiling water	1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Combine cranberries and sugar. Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Add syrup and chill till partially set. Stir in the cranberry mixture, pineapple, celery and walnuts. Pour into a small greased ring mold and let set. Unmold and fill centre with cottage cheese. Garnish with peeled grapes dipped in beaten egg white and rolled in granulated sugar. Serves 8.



SALAD DRESSING

Mrs. Hilda M. Angus, White Rock, B.C.

4 tablespoons flour	1/2 cup white vinegar
2 1/2 teaspoons mustard	1 cup boiling water
2 tablespoons sugar (granulated)	2 egg yolks
2 teaspoons salt	1 cup salad oil
2 tablespoons salad oil	Dash of cayenne pepper

Mix dry ingredients in the top of a double boiler. Add the 2 tablespoons oil, vinegar and boiling water. Set over boiling water and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Beat egg yolks well, then add cooked mixture. Beat in 1 cup salad oil very slowly and add cayenne. This is the best homemade salad dressing I have ever tasted.

DIVINITY NUT ROLL

Mrs. M. Mavor, Winnipeg

2 cups granulated sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup corn syrup	1 can sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup water	1/4 teaspoon salt
2 egg whites	1/2 cup corn syrup
1/2 teaspoon almond extract (optional)	2 1/2 cups chopped nuts, pecans or Brazil nuts

Boil first three ingredients over low heat without stirring, until a little dropped in cold water forms a brittle ball. Temperature of a candy thermometer will read 260 deg. F. Beat egg whites with vanilla and almond flavoring until stiff, then add hot syrup gradually, beating continually until mixture cools. Grease hands and form into 2 x 1/2-inch rolls. Chill. Combine condensed milk, salt and syrup and cook, stirring constantly, over low heat for 20 minutes or until a small amount dropped into cold water forms a soft ball.

Drop divinity rolls one by one into this mixture. Remove with fork, roll in the chopped pecans. Chill and cut in half to serve. Makes 25 rolls.



LEEK AND POTATO SOUP

Audrey Baxendale, Bamfield, B.C.

1 small onion, diced	1 can condensed consommé
2 tablespoons butter	1 soup can boiling water
2 medium potatoes, coarsely grated	1 tablespoon chopped chives
3 or 4 leeks, sliced thin, using as much of the green part as is tender	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1/4 cup celery, using some green tops, chopped small	1 soup can fresh milk
1 tablespoon flour	3 ounces Cheddar cheese (Canadian mild), finely grated
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard	Paprika
	Salt and pepper

Put the onion and butter into a heavy pot with the lid on and simmer till the onion is soft. Add the potato, leeks and celery. Stir in the flour and mustard, then add consommé and water slowly. Cook with the lid on, stirring occasionally, for about an hour. Add the chives, parsley, milk, cheese and paprika. Taste for seasoning and add salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly. Do not let the soup boil again. Serves 4 amply.



CURRIED APPLES

Mrs. Bert Lewis, Port Arthur

3 tablespoons butter or margarine	Juice and grated rind of half a lemon
3 medium apples, peeled, cored and sliced	1 (12-ounce) can condensed bouillon
2 small onions, sliced	1 teaspoon gravy coloring and seasoner
1 clove garlic	1/2 cup seedless white raisins
1 tablespoon flour	2 teaspoons curry powder
2 or 3 whole cloves	

Melt the butter or margarine in a skillet. Sauté the apples, onions and garlic to a light golden brown. Remove garlic. Blend in the flour mixed with curry powder. Combine the lemon juice and rind with bouillon, gravy coloring and seasoner. Add raisins and cloves. Mix this with the contents of the skillet. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Remove cloves before serving. Serve with lamb, veal or even pork.

NOTE: You may like one tablespoon sugar added to this.

TAFFY APPLES

Sister Bertrand, Quebec City

3/4 cup fine granulated sugar	1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups light molasses	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons butter	12 medium-sized McIntosh apples
2 teaspoons white vinegar	12 (4 1/2-inch) hardwood skewers

Combine sugar, molasses, butter, vinegar and salt in a saucepan. Cook slowly, stirring until mixture comes to a boil. Boil slowly. Stir constantly near end of cooking. Cook until mixture tests 260 deg. F. or until a teaspoonful dropped into cold water forms a very hard ball. Add vanilla and remove from heat. Dip apples until completely covered. Swirl around until taffy clings to apple. Arrange on a buttered tray to set.



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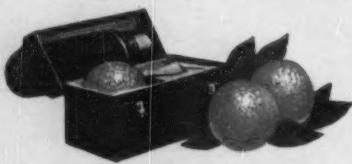
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*The Steam Foghorn... A CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENT*

Prior to 1854, the ocean and fresh-water ports of the world were at the mercy of fog, with a thick fog blanketing not only sight but sound so effectively as to make navigation impossible. Then in 1854, Robert Foulis, a piano teacher in Saint John, New Brunswick, discovered that a note of very deep pitch could

penetrate deep fog. He made a steam whistle, and upon the arrival of the next dense fog, demonstrated his invention on Partridge Island in St. John Harbour. It was so successful that its deep, mournful notes are still heard the world over, warning ships of possible dangers ahead.